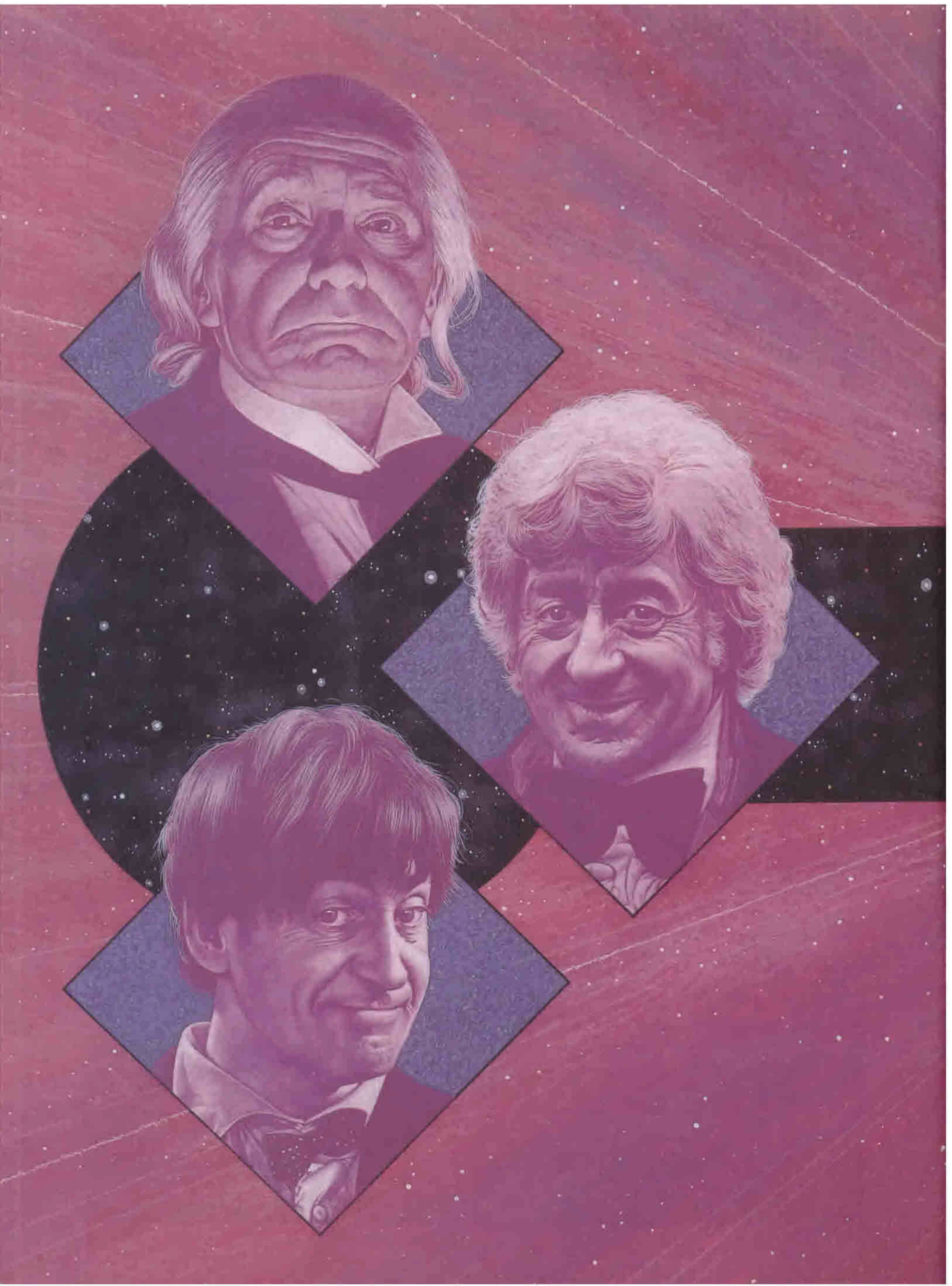

Issue 200 9th June 1993 UK £2.50 US $4.95 CAN $6.25

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS

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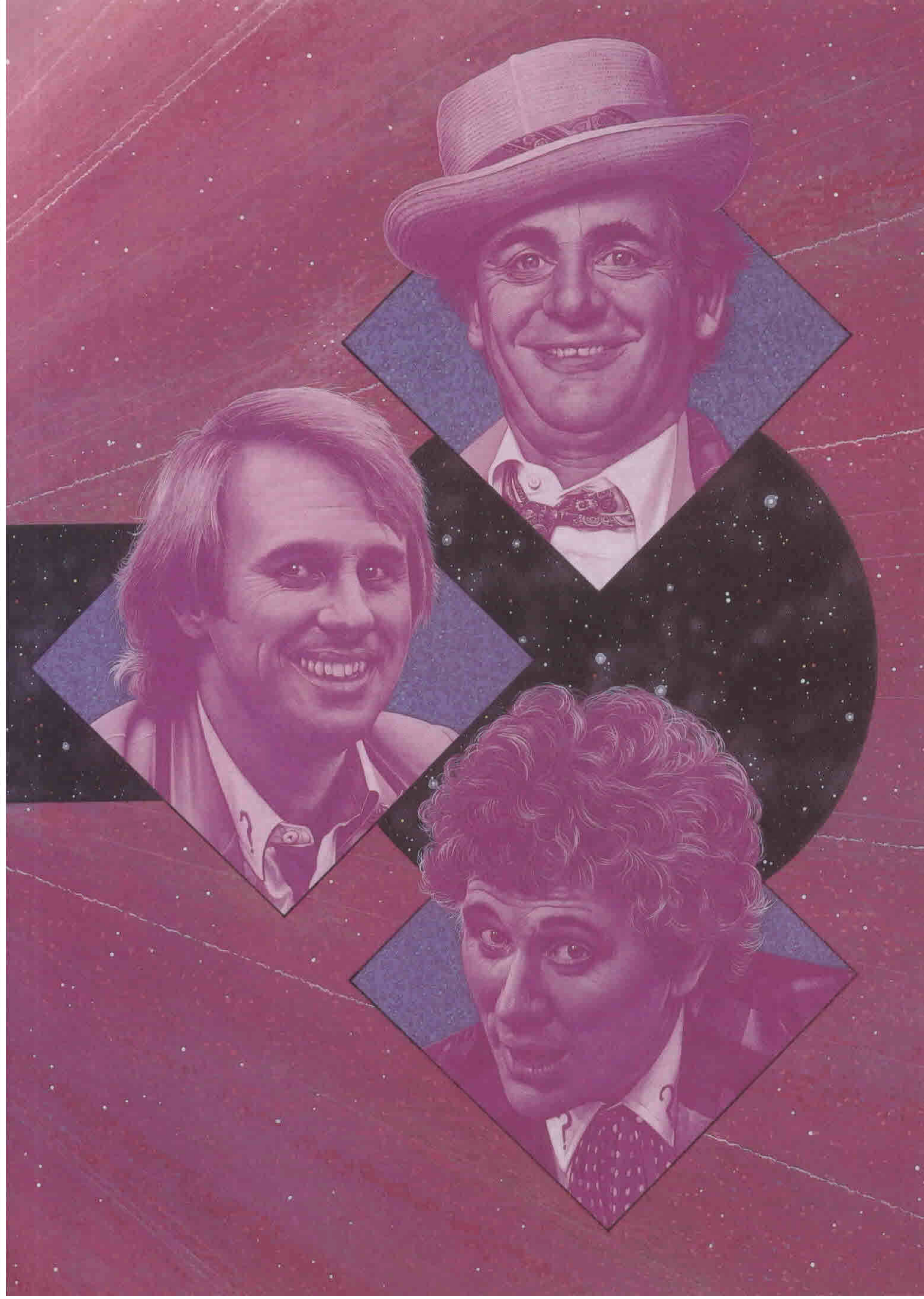
Looking Back -

DAVID WHITAKER

we examine the work of *Doctor Who*'s First Story Editor



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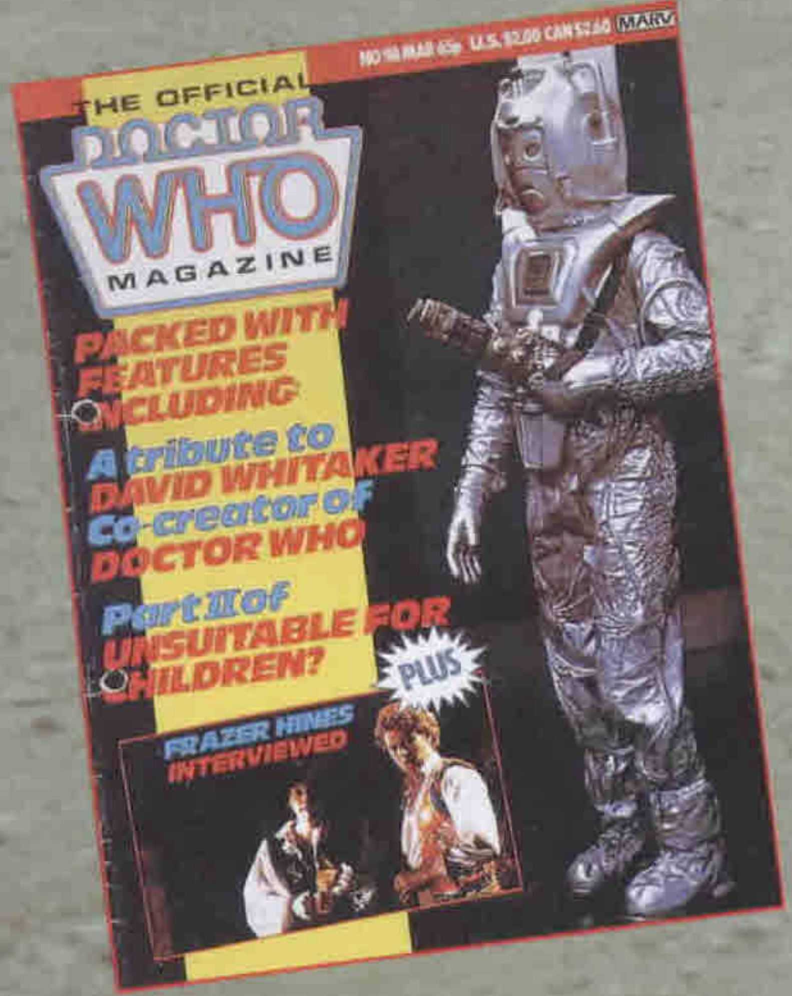
ON TV'S FAVOURITE SF HERO!

It's amazing that sixteen years passed before anyone gave *Doctor Who* its own magazine. I knew it was a good idea then, and two hundred issues later it still is.
Dez Skinn – Editor #1 – 22

Here we are, gaining in sales four years after the last new series faded from the nation's TV screens. What can we learn from this? – That good ideas refuse to die...
Paul Neary – Editor #23 – 48

Tempus Fugitive indeed! The Time Lord clocks up his two hundredth, and neither sleet nor snow nor non-appearance on TV seem to blight the Doctor's appointed mission. Here's to the next two hundred!
Cefn Ridout – Editor #98 - 106

Congratulations on reaching your double century. There have been a few times along the way when the future looked bleak but this issue proves its ability to survive the good Doctor's greatest enemy – the accountants!
Sheila Cranna – Editor #97 & #107 – 136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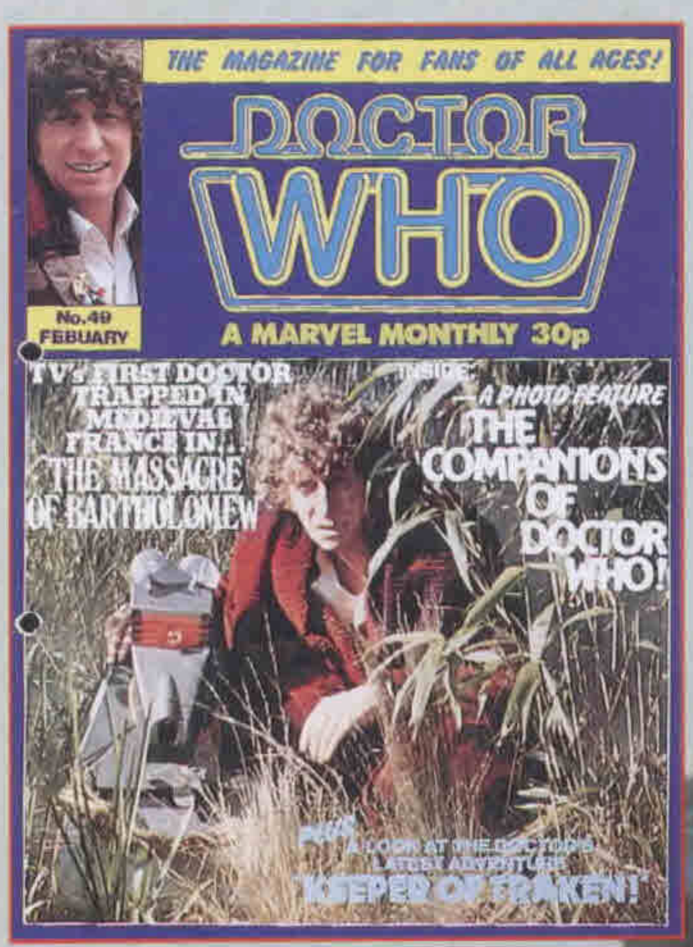
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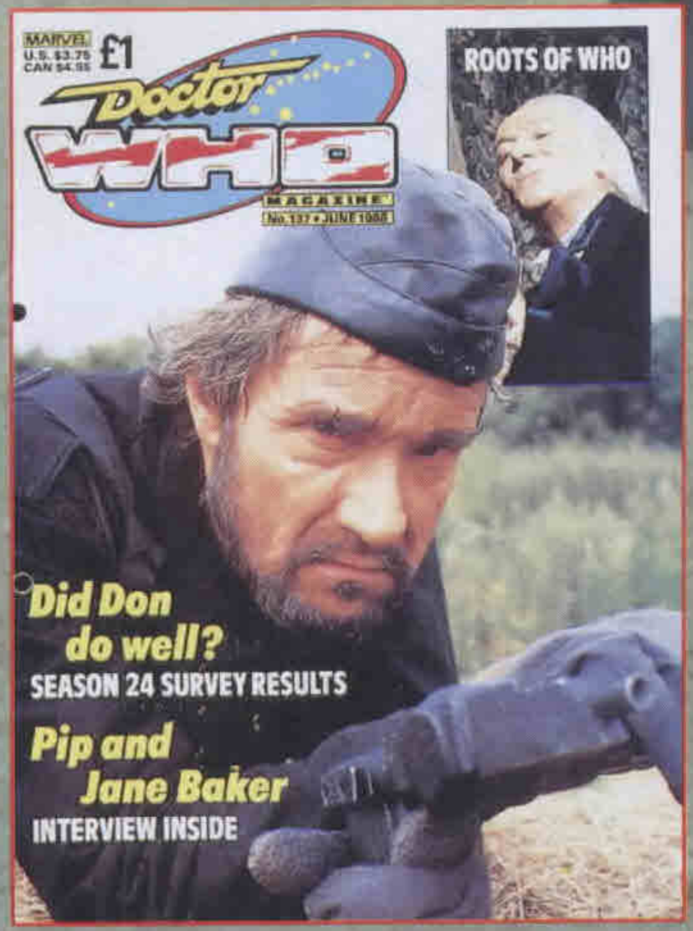
TV'S FIRST DOCTOR TRAPPED IN MEDIEVAL FRANCE IN... THE MASSACRE OF BARTHOLOMEW
INSIDE: A PHOTO FEATURE THE COMPANIONS OF DOCTOR WHO!
KEEPER OF TRAKEN!

My fondest memory of working on **DWM** was sitting in a secluded basement in the old Marvel offices in Kentish Town. Come going home time the whole magazines and art department would join in a rousing chorus of the *Doctor Who* theme. We got the strangest looks from the advertising people...
Alan McKenzie – Editor #49 - 96

Two hundred! Well, two hundred more now please! And *before* the deadline!
John Freeman – Editor #137 – 185

Seven editors – seven Doctors. Is there something we should be told about? I don't think so – I doubt I'll be the last editor of **DWM**...
Gary Russell – Editor #186 - ??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GALLIFREY GUARDIAN..............................4
News, rumour-busting and competitions.

WHITAKER'S WORLD..............................6
Philip MacDonald analyses the work of the man that did so much to establish and build the legend of Doctor Who.

THE OTHER *THE ENEMY OF THE WORLD*..............................12
Prior to his death in 1980, David Whitaker assembled a rough outline for the novelization of his own 1968 story The Enemy of the World. *That outline, which differed significantly from both the original teleplay and Ian Marter's subsequent novelization, is published here for the first time.*

WHAT THE PAPERS SAID..............................14
In a special instalment of Marcus Hearn's ongoing chronicle of Doctor Who *in the British press, he highlights the coverage David Whitaker's work received in the Sixties.*

A PERSONAL NOTE..............................15
Gary Hopkins recalls a memorable encounter with David Whitaker in 1978, and relays one of the few interviews the writer gave on Doctor Who. *A revealing insight into the man who made the myth. Also reprinted are three short cameos by Whitaker on the original TARDIS crew.*

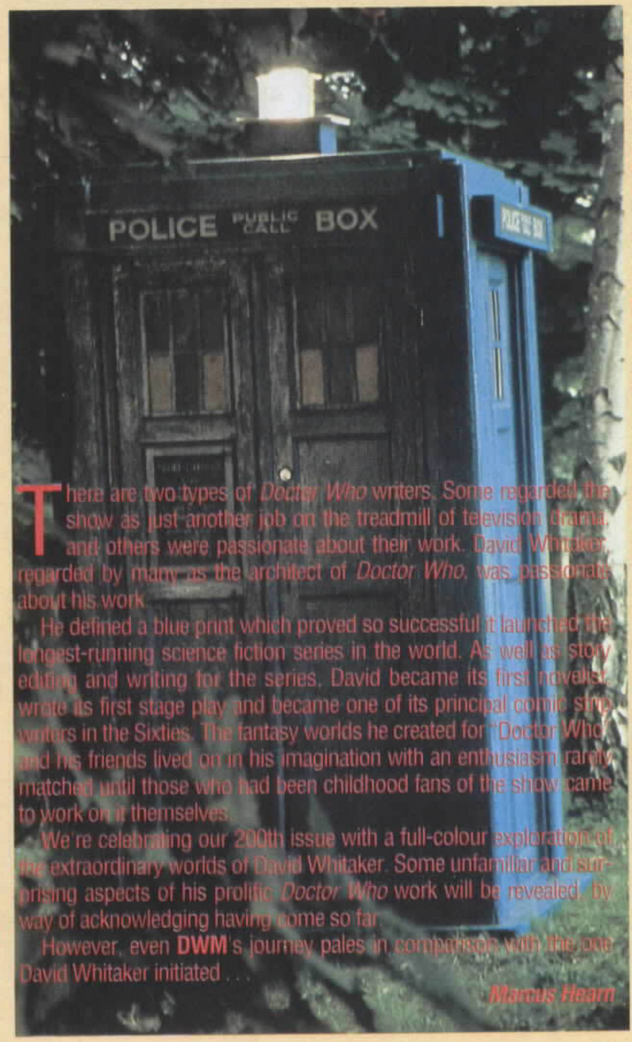
THE CURSE OF THE DALEKS..............................18
Dormant Daleks on a dead planet – but for how long? A tale of murder, deceit and romance on the planet of the Daleks. David Whitaker's 1965 stage play is described by David J Howe. Also, we reprint David Whitaker's original theatre programme notes – in which a curious tale from Terry Nation's garden unfolds.

ARCHIVE: *THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS*..............................21
Experiments in time travel and the human factor lead the Daleks into a climactic struggle with the Second Doctor. From Victorian London to the planet Skaro to – the final end? The ultimate guide to Doctor Who *continues with an in-depth analysis of David Whitaker's 1967 adventure. A pull-out-and-keep feature by Andrew Pixley.*

COMIC STRIP: *EMPEROR OF THE DALEKS: 4*..............................33
The Sixth Doctor and the Daleks travel to a distant planet and meet some old friends – or at least the Doctor hopes they are! Story by Paul Cornell, with art by Lee Sullivan.

RENNIGAN'S RECORD..............................42
A previously unpublished Doctor Who *story by David Whitaker. A stranded astronaut is on the point of death when he receives a strange visitation from an Edwardian gentleman with a broom. Or is it a dream? Originally intended for a short-story collection entitled* The Journeys of Doctor Who, *this story is the only known work completed for the book. The story has been specially illustrated by Paul Vyse.*

TIME LINES..............................50
Your views on the many worlds of Doctor Who, *including more* Dalek Attack *hints and a plea for justice from Virgin Books . . .*



There are two types of *Doctor Who* writers. Some regarded the show as just another job on the treadmill of television drama, and others were passionate about their work. David Whitaker, regarded by many as the architect of *Doctor Who*, was passionate about his work.

He defined a blue print which proved so successful it launched the longest-running science fiction series in the world. As well as story editing and writing for the series, David became its first novelist, wrote its first stage play and became one of its principal comic strip writers in the Sixties. The fantasy worlds he created for "Doctor Who" and his friends lived on in his imagination with an enthusiasm rarely matched until those who had been childhood fans of the show came to work on it themselves.

We're celebrating our 200th issue with a full-colour exploration of the extraordinary worlds of David Whitaker. Some unfamiliar and surprising aspects of his prolific *Doctor Who* work will be revealed, by way of acknowledging having come so far.

However, even **DWM**'s journey pales in comparison with the one David Whitaker initiated . . .

Marcus Hearn

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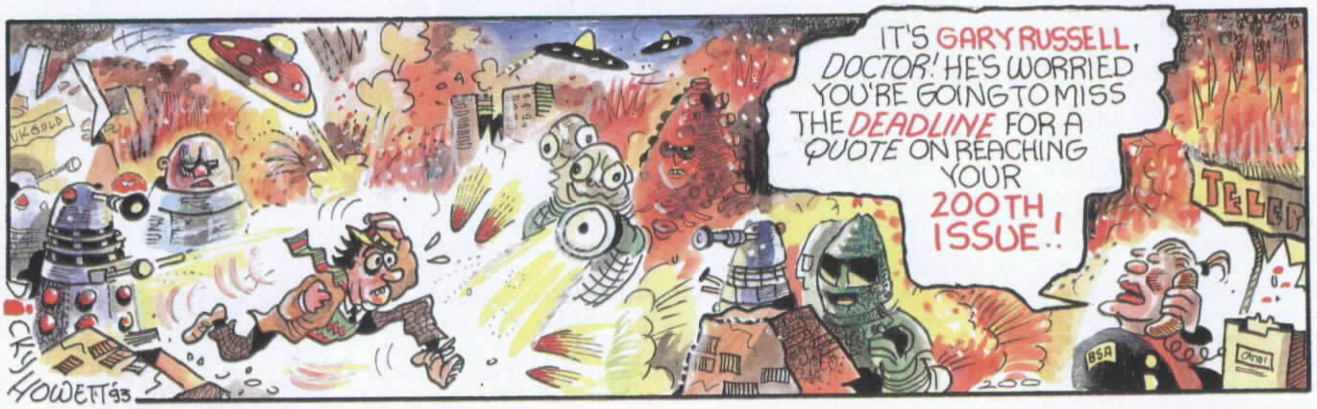
Thanks this issue to: Steve Whitaker, Thelma St. Clair, all at Virgin Books, all at BBC Video, Sue Anstruther, Adrian Rigelsford, Nigel Robinson, Simon Sadler, Stephen James Walker, Anthony McKay, Una McCormack and every reader who's kept us here for 200 issues!

Doctor Who? by Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett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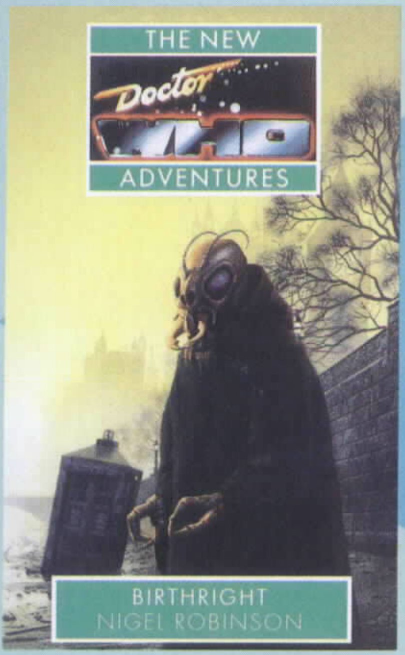
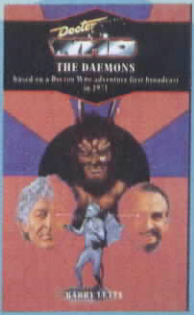
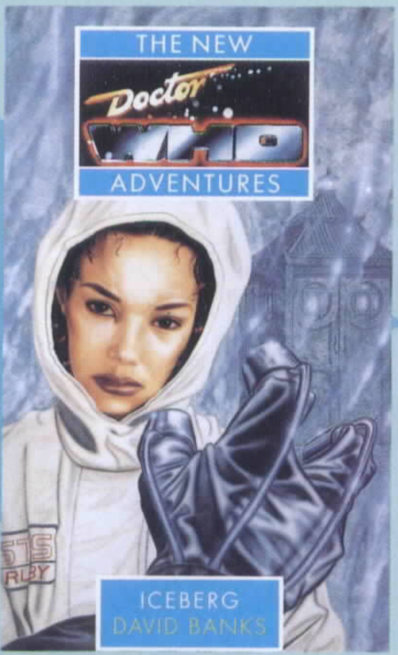
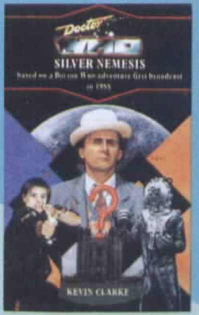
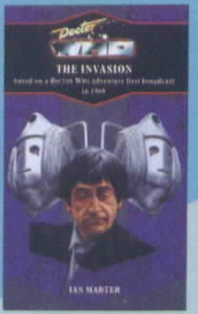










YENTOB LISTENS BUT MAKES NO PROMISES

In the four years since Survival *finished,* Doctor Who *fans have faced mounting disappointment over the BBC's initial promises that the show would return. New BBC1 Controller, Alan Yentob once appeared to be the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel, but is he...*

Recently Alan Yentob appeared on both the BBC's evening arts show *Entertainment Express* and then in early April on the BBC daily morning show with Anne Diamond and Nick Ross. On both programmes he promised that he would review the future of *Doctor Who* but made no firm assurances that he would strive to return the programme to the air. He did, however, point out on the morning show that far from being an object of hatred for *Who* fans (a possible dig at his predecessor, Jonathan Powell) he ought to be seen in a positive light as he had been responsible for the two recent repeat runs on BBC2 and promised a further series of "classic" adventures for later in the year.

Whilst not ruling out the possible return of the series, he indicated that the longer the wait, the harder it would be to bring it back. He wasn't prepared to make any commitments, suggesting that if he was to say that *Doctor Who* would return but then in four or five years it still hadn't, he was in danger of being accused of making false promises.

Generally Yentob is perceived as being far less hostile and antagonistic towards *Doctor Who* than Powell, but nevertheless the show still isn't back and with the BBC Enterprises-planned one-off video adventure for the Thirtieth Anniversary now officially cancelled, it looks like the show's anniversary year will only be celebrated in retrospective rather than new light.

ON THE RADIO...

The BBC Audio Collection's new *Doctor Who* radio production is due to be recorded this month. With a working (but not definitely final) title of *The Paradise of Death*, it will star Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier and Elisabeth Sladen as Sarah Jane Smith alongside Jon Pertwee as the Third Doctor. The script is by Barry Letts and the BBC Radio producer is Phil Clarke.

The story is set just after the Doctor returns to Earth, apparently just after *The Time Warrior* (although as *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* occurs straight after that adventure, maybe this new story takes place after that). It concerns the new SpaceWorld Theme Park which has opened on Hampstead Heath, run by the ParaKom Organisation. When Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart and UNIT are called in to investigate an inexplicable death at the event, the Doctor and Sarah become involved. The Time Lord's suspicions are aroused by some of the Park's attractions which seem a little too out-of-this-world!

The finished five episode programme will be transmitted on BBC Radio 5 during August and September and will then be commercially available on cassette through the BBC Audio Collection later that month.

BBC VIDEO NEWS

Following on from September's release of *The Chase* and *Remembrance of the Daleks* in a special Dalek-based presentation box, October's release will be the full fourteen episodes of *The Trial of a Time Lord* encased in a TARDIS-shaped box. Both presentation sets will retail at around the equivalent price of the standard video releases, thus the tapes should cost very little extra despite the special boxes.

CONVENTION UPDATE

The major *PanoptiCon* event in London in September is all but sold out – only a few places remain. The advert on page 13 has further details. All surviving Doctors and major companions have been invited and the weekend looks set to be a major success.

ManoptiCon in Manchester over 30/31st May (details: 22 Seven Acres Lane, Norden, Rochdale OL12 7RL). Guests include Anneke Wills (first convention), Michael Craze, Jon Pertwee, Colin Baker, Eric Saward and many others.

Blue Box takes place in Bournemouth over 22/23rd May. (Details: 15 Martock Road, Keynsham, Bristol, BS18 1XA). Guests include Elisabeth Sladen, Bonnie Langford (first UK conventions for both), Colin Baker, Sophie Aldred, Nicholas Courtney, Deborah Watling, Jack Watling, Honor Blackman, Peter Bryant, Victor Pemberton and lots more.

BEYOND THE TARDIS

Compiled by Dominic May

Obituary: Lisa Bergmayr (also known as Lisa Brionda), who was an extra in Part One of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, died on 2nd March.

Doctors: Jon Pertwee, Peter Davison and **Colin Baker** appeared on the BBC's TV feature show *Entertainment Express* discussing the possible return of *Doctor Who*, on 2nd April. New BBC1 Controller Alan Yentob made no announcement about a new series, and merely reiterated what the BBC have been saying for the last four years.

The recent series of *Medics* was marketed with a poster campaign featuring a masked **Tom Baker** as Professor Geoffrey Hoyt with the by-line: *Dr Who?* The incomparable Mr Baker gave a number of interviews to tie in with the series including the *My Kind of Day* page in *Radio Times*. Amongst many disclosures, some witty some sad, were the fact that he has not seen his brother John and sister Louise for 25 years, that he snores so loudly that his wife can only fall asleep if she watches a Jeremy Irons movie and that he would like to be a vegetarian because of the pleasure he would receive from the additional bowel movements!

Peter Davison's leading rôle as Jim Huxtable in Andrew Davies' two-hour dramatisation of *Harnessing Peacocks* by Mary Wesley is scheduled to be shown on ITV on 9th May (at 9 pm). John Mills and Serena Scott Thomas (*Diana - Her True Story*) also star. Demand for Peter's recent theatrical excursion with *The Last Yankee* was so great that the play was extended at the Young Vic for three weeks, and has now been indefinitely transferred to the Duke of York's Theatre (Box Office [071] 836 5122).

Companions: UK Gold recently broadcast the Frankie Howerd series *Then Churchill Said to Me*, which was produced by the BBC in 1982 but never screened until now. Throughout the series **Nicholas Courtney** played Howerd's commanding officer Colonel Robin Witherton, getting some military practice prior to recording his return as the Brigadier in *Mawdryn Undead*. The show's guest cast included **Michael Attwell** (*The Ice Warriors*' Isbur/*Attack's* Bates) and **John Challis** (Scorby from *The Seeds of Doom*).

Louise Jameson can be seen as Elvira in Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, which began a short tour in April. Also in the cast are **Peggy** *Greatest Show* **Mount** as Madame Arcati, Geoffrey Davies and Marsha Fitzalan. Remaining dates are week commencing 3rd May (three weeks) Churchill Theatre, Bromley (Box Office [081] 460 6677) and 7th June Richmond Theatre (BO [081] 940 0088). May 14th sees BBC1 commence screening the second series of *Rides* in which Louise's character Janet attempts to adopt a Third World baby.

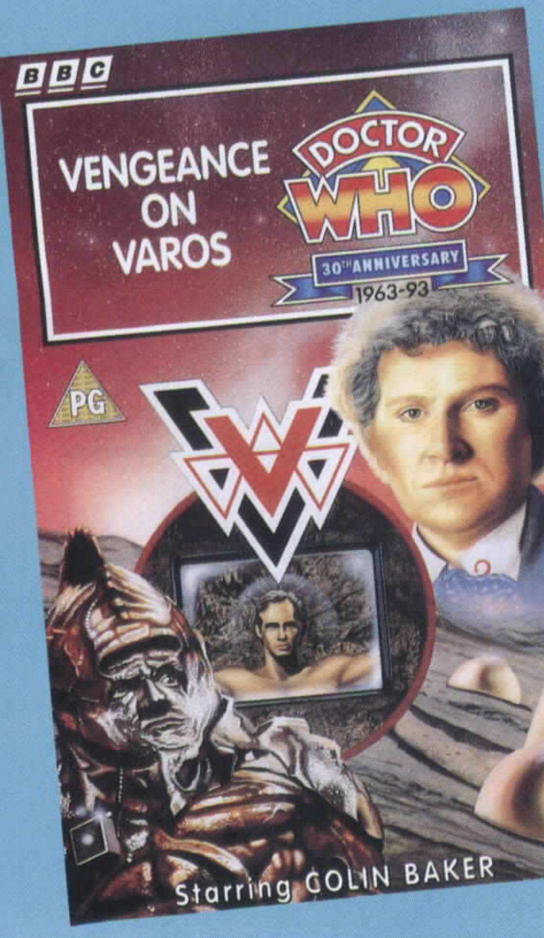
Sophie Aldred was one of a number of children's presenters who took part in the BBC's Red Nose Day on 12th March appearing in the *Hanger 17* studio.

Producers: The inevitable finally occurred on 12th March when new BBC1 Controller Alan Yentob took the decision to axe *Eldorado*, the soap opera produced by **Verity Lambert**'s Cinema Verity, after 156 episodes. A number of reasons can be attributed for the verdict:

a) the original mad rush to get it on screen and the initial resultant poor quality of the scripts and characterisation,

b) the decision by Swedish broadcaster SVT (representing one of four other purchasing countries) to drop the show after six months and

c) the desire by Yentob to be rid of an unpopular show initiated by his predecessor Jonathan Powell. Verity was reported as being "disappointed" at the decision. But all is not lost at Lambert Towers as the £2.8 million Lambert production of *Comics* by Lynda La Plante is being given a *Prime Suspect*-type piece of scheduling by Channel 4 over consecutive nights on June 7th and 8th. Expect an uncomfortable and violent couple of evenings.



This month sees the release of the latest *Doctor Who* adventure, *Vengeance on Varos* onto BBC Video. To win one of FIVE copies we have to give away, courtesy of BBC Video, all you have to do is answer the questions and send your answers on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to: Feathery Peri, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX. Usual Marvel competition rules apply and multiple entries will be sent to the Punishment Dome. Entries must arrive by 22nd July 1993.

1: Name one other *Doctor Who* story featuring Martin Jarvis.

....

2: Which abandoned Season 23 *Doctor Who* story was written by Philip Martin?

....

3: Name the other Colin Baker *Doctor Who* story directed by Ron Jones.

....

Name: ....

Address: ....

....

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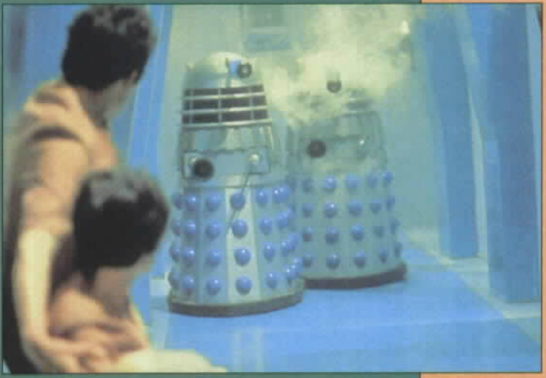
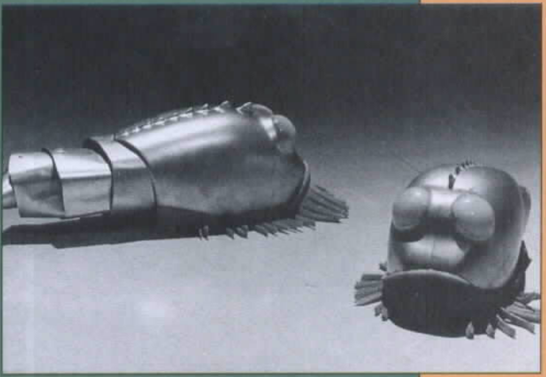
.....................................**Date of Birth:** ....





WHITAKER'S WORLD

Philip MacDonald takes a look at the writing of David Whitaker, *Doctor Who*'s first story-editor and his influence on all subsequent writers.

> "*The next time we visit Earth," he said, "I hope we encounter a situation where two men are opposed to each other, each for the best reasons. That is the only way to understand the folly, the stupidity and the horror of war. When both sides, in their own way, are totally right."*
>
> **– Doctor Who and the Crusaders**

It is apt that this quotation, an appropriate prelude for any number of the finest *Doctor Who* stories, comes from the pen of David Whitaker, the programme's first story-editor and the crucial influence in shaping its original format.

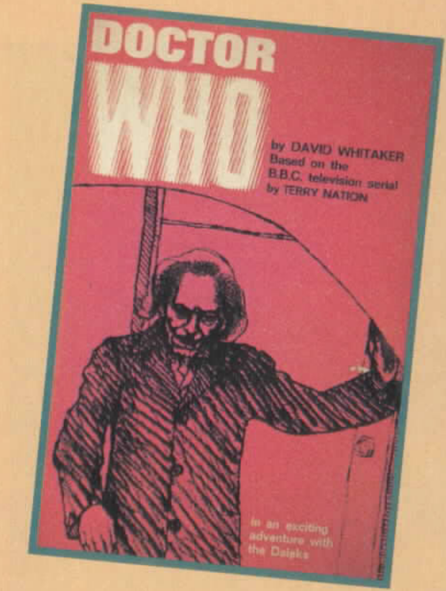
For Whitaker, the essence of *Doctor Who* had very little to do with monsters, spacecraft and the reversed polarity of the neutron flow. A writer with a natural grasp of the essential requirements of drama, Whitaker's *Doctor Who* work frequently takes as its first premise the reasons for the development of conflict, and explores them at base level. Heroes and villains are given only limited space in his scheme of things. The only "monsters" Whitaker includes in his stories are either returning foes like the Daleks and the Cybermen or symbols of human attitudes to the unknown, like the harmless Sand Beast killed by Barbara in *The Rescue* and the peaceable aliens whose misunderstood nature provides the crux of *The Ambassadors of Death*.

With the sole competition of *Genesis of the Daleks*, Whitaker's seven-parter *The Evil of the Daleks* is frequently judged to be the finest Dalek adventure. What both of these stories have in common – and the point is made far more clearly in Whitaker's tale – is that they are stories which don't just feature the Daleks as an established menace, but which radically explore *why* the Daleks are the Doctor's arch-enemies. The plot device involving 'The Human Factor' and 'The Dalek Factor' is, in effect, a distillation of the concept that the Daleks are truly inhuman and incapable of behaving like humans, becoming absurd and comical when they do. By writing a story *about* the evil of the Daleks rather than a story in which the Daleks are just evil, Whitaker discovers ways in which to surpass what has gone before.

CONFLICTS

More often than not, however, Whitaker seems comfortable working not on external or essential differences between the Doctor and his foes, but on a far more complex level of interpersonal conflict. It is very noticeable that, at the heart of Season Five of *Doctor Who* – often dubbed 'the Monster Season' – comes a story penned by Whitaker which features no monsters at all, but instead a villain who is physically identical to the Doctor himself! *The Enemy of the World* is an oddity in the programme's format, fitting readily into none of the usual categories – like a historical story which just happens to be set in the future, it concerns itself with a very human sequence of intrigue and treachery. But perhaps the best example is *The Edge of Destruction*, a story devoid not only of monsters, but also of any settings or characters beyond the TARDIS and its occupants. With nothing but four characters, one set and a vivid imagination, Whitaker forges two episodes of fundamental drama.

There is more to Whitaker's *Doctor Who* than sets of characters, however. Under his aegis, the programme is about the reactions of different people to the mercurial and capricious time-traveller whose identity was, in Whitaker's heyday, very much a mystery. The question posed by the show's title remains steadfastly unanswered by Whitaker, in whose hands the Doctor is often a magician – or at least capable of feats not readily explained by scientific rationalisation. In *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*, Whitaker's novelisation of Terry Nation's first Dalek story, the Doctor has a supply of everlasting matches, a fantastical invention akin to the self-regulating medication he uses in *The Edge of Destruction*, while in *The Ambassadors of Death* he can miraculously transport objects through space with his bare hands. Years before Sylvester McCoy's incarnation took to silencing opposition with a hypnotic twitch of his finger, Whitaker's Doctor was a mystical creature whose insight and abilities transcend our comprehension. Whitaker is in no doubt as to the effect the Doctor's presence generates on strangers. Again in that first novel, Whitaker takes pains to illustrate how the Doctor effortlessly wins the attention and respect of the bickering Thals, and in many of his scripts, lines are given to other characters which evince a sense of wonder and deference to the Doctor's unique personality: "There is something new in you, and something older than the sky itself," says Joanna in *The Crusade*.

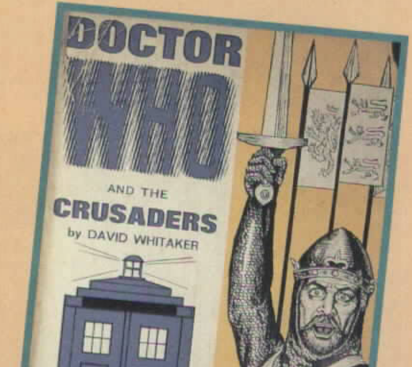

DOCTOR
WHO
by DAVID WHITAKER
Based on the B.B.C. television serial by TERRY NATION
in an exciting adventure with the Daleks

Alongside this portrayal of the time traveller as a mystical outsider, there is the insistence in Whitaker's words that the Doctor is primarily an observer, an explorer, a watcher, while his companions undertake the rôle of heroes and heroines. This, of course, is in keeping with the original format of *Doctor Who* which Whitaker was instrumental in devising. In the early stories Ian Chesterton is clearly the hero, the Doctor an unknown quantity lurking in the margins of the adventures. Nowhere is this clearer than in *The Crusade*, in which the Doctor bides his time at King Richard's court and attempts to avoid entanglement in the local intrigue while Ian finds himself knighted by the King and galloping off across the desert on horseback to rescue Barbara from the clutches of El Akir.

NOVEL APPROACHES

Whitaker's two novelisations of early Hartnell stories illustrate exactly this concern, pushing forward Ian's hero-status even more forcibly than in the transmitted episodes. Until Donald Cotton's three highly idiosyncratic *Doctor Who* books were published in the mid-Eighties, *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks* enjoyed the distinction of being the only novelisation narrated in the first person by one of the characters – in this case by Ian himself. Whitaker relishes the use of Ian as an unwilling hero who is human enough to begin to lose hope at various stages of the story, and even to reflect that he wants a cigarette at moments of stress – a touch which is so natural and so unselfconscious that it endears us to him despite being a sign of the times in which it was written; how many heroes of children's books today would be allowed by their creators to smoke?

Doctor Who and the Crusaders sees a change in Ian, described now by Whitaker as "a deeply-tanned bronze, his body trained to the last minute, no single trace remaining of the ordinary Londoner he had once been." Here we see Whitaker addressing an idea which has only rarely been attempted in televised *Doctor Who*: the changes wrought on the Doctor's crew by their adventures in time and space. Again the emphasis is on plausible realism. Could so many ordinary Earthlings – Dodo, Jo, Sarah Jane, Tegan – really take it all in their stride without undergoing some kind of change? Whitaker goes further than simply the physical effect on Ian: ". . . the alteration wasn't confined to muscle and sinew alone. Ian had encountered situations beyond the concept of any young man his age, he had faced dangers and been forced to make decisions a countless number of times, where not only his own life but the lives of others stood in peril." It is to Whitaker's credit that he considers this question (the changes in Barbara are also discussed at length) which, notwithstanding transitory attempts such as Season Fourteen's 'education' of Leela, was largely sidestepped in the televised programme until the arrival of Ace in the late Eighties.



Furthermore, in that second novelisation, Whitaker plunges head-first into a sub-plot (hinted at throughout the Dalek novel, particularly in the closing chapter) which the television series never quite dared to tackle – the sexual relationship between Ian and Barbara. We are now told categorically that they are in love, and the result is to transform Ian's rescue mission into the stuff of a full-

Whitaker was responsible for writing in two female companions – Victoria Waterfield (Deborah Watling and (below) Zoe Herriot (Wendy Padbury). In both cases Jamie (Frazer Hines) was on hand to protect them. Photos © BBC

◄ blown historical romance, culminating in an irresistably over-the-top moment as Ian and Barbara, on horseback on the crest of a hill above Lydda, kiss before literally riding off into the sunset.

Despite the absence of such full-blooded character development in the televised versions, Whitaker's influence during his time as *Doctor Who*'s story-editor is nonetheless clear in respect of this basic idea of experience affecting the TARDIS crew. In episodes such as *The Cave of Skulls* and *The Dead Planet*, Ian and Barbara are allowed moments of mutual reflection outside the newly-materialised ship in which their essential selves, needs and motives are offered to the viewer prior to their being plunged into another life-or-death adventure. In *The Edge of Destruction*, Whitaker gives Barbara a showpiece of a speech in which she angrily berates the suspicious Doctor by reminding him of their shared experiences on prehistoric Earth and on Skaro. Whitaker's next story, *The Rescue*, is almost entirely devoted to characterisation rather than plot, not only to introduce the programme's first 'new' companion, Vicki, but also to consider the state of the TARDIS crew after the upheaval of Susan's departure. Most notably, Ian and Barbara have another scene just outside the TARDIS in which they discuss the effect that the loss of his grand-daughter will have on the Doctor. It suddenly becomes very clear that the cosy family unit which had been firmly established by the latter half of the first season has been shattered, and the viewer is once again reliant on the reactions of the foregrounded schoolteachers rather than the shadowy behaviour of the Doctor himself.

Interestingly, this early alignment of rôle playing by the programme's main characters spills over into Whitaker's later scripts, so that in *The Evil of the Daleks* the Second Doctor (never the man of action by any means) becomes almost entirely cerebral, a walking brain with a Sherlock Holmes-style approach to deduction, while Jamie undertakes the strong-arm duties. This division between the two is commonplace during the Troughton era, but here it is so acute that it almost becomes symbolic, with the Doctor scientifically monitoring Jamie's test of strength and endurance in the story's middle episodes. In *The Ambassadors of Death* the Brigadier becomes far less ambiguously heroic than in his previous appearances, and is given a number of action set-pieces (notably in the first and last episodes) of the kind usually relegated to Yates and Benton in subsequent serials; at the same time, the Doctor is again the mystic sage who instantly recognises the alien transmissions and performs inexplicable conjuring tricks with spools of magnetic tape. In these, his later contributions to *Doctor Who*, it seems that Whitaker was returning to his original vision of the Doctor and his adventures.

ORIGINAL CONCEPTS

What, then, of that original vision? The rewrites of the pilot version of *An Unearthly Child* overseen by Whitaker reveal clear evidence of the priorities of the programme's early format. The reference to Susan having been born in the 49th century is replaced by the line "I was born in another time, another world", thus effectively displacing the relatively mundane concept of futuristic science-fiction in favour of a more mysterious "otherness" in the Doctor and his grand-daughter. Indeed, until the substitution of this line, it would have been perfectly possible for the Doctor to have originated somewhere as commonplace as the future of Earth itself.

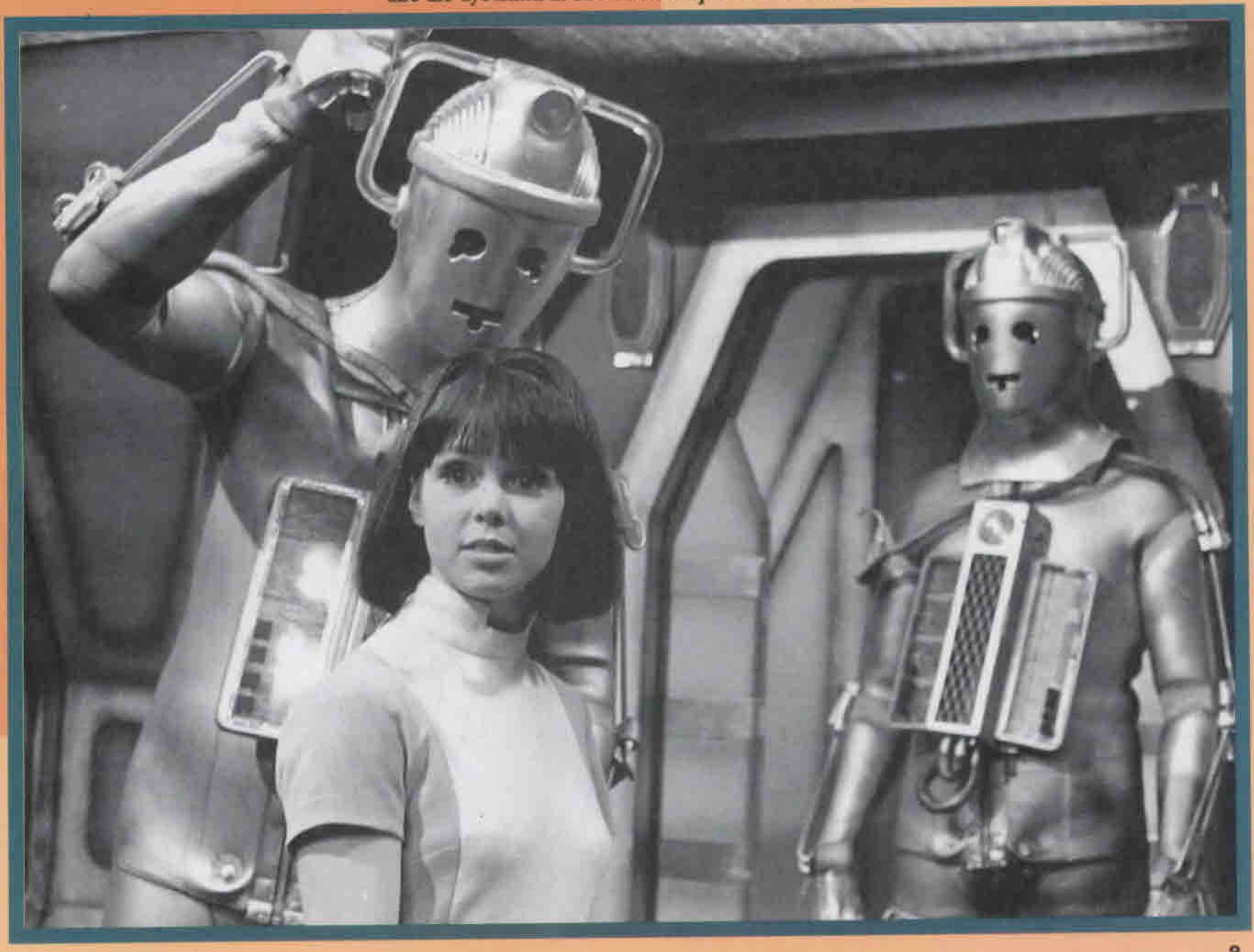
Perhaps the most interesting and subtle realignment of the programme's concerns between the pilot episode and the transmitted version is the removal of Susan's change of costume. In the final version of the episode, Susan remains in her 1963 teenager's clothes rather than swapping them for the futuristic silver tunic seen in the pilot, thus confirming one of the most crucial elements of Whitaker's concept of *Doctor Who* – the contrast between the marvellous and the everyday. Whilst on the one hand excising references to the 49th century in order to ensure a sense of mystery, Whitaker on the other hand consistently injects a homely, domesticated element into his portrayal of life in the TARDIS. In the opening pages of the *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* novel we see Barbara and Vicki playing chess during a long flight in the TARDIS, whilst, upon landing on a sunny beach in *The Enemy of the World*, there is talk of buckets and spades. In *The Edge of Destruction* we see a rare use of the TARDIS sleeping-quarters (not seen again, barring brief sequences in *The Web Planet* and *The Chase*, until we are allowed into Romana's room in *Full Circle*), and in *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks* lengthy paragraphs are given over to Ian's experiences with the ship's showers, shaving equipment and the Food Machine. Whitaker's fondness for the TARDIS Food Machine is apparent in the novelisation and in *The Edge of Destruction*. It therefore comes as no surprise that Dennis Spooner, faced with the task of editing down Whitaker's original *The Power of the Daleks* scripts to a transmittable length, testified to having had to remove another lengthy Food Machine sequence from Patrick Troughton's debut episode. The Food Machine, like the TARDIS's reliance on a substance as commonplace as mercury (count the Whitaker-influenced stories which involve the TARDIS running out of mercury!), places the Doctor's adventures in a plausibly everyday context – not until the Eighties were we again to see a TARDIS crew who regularly ate meals, slept and were seen getting dressed.

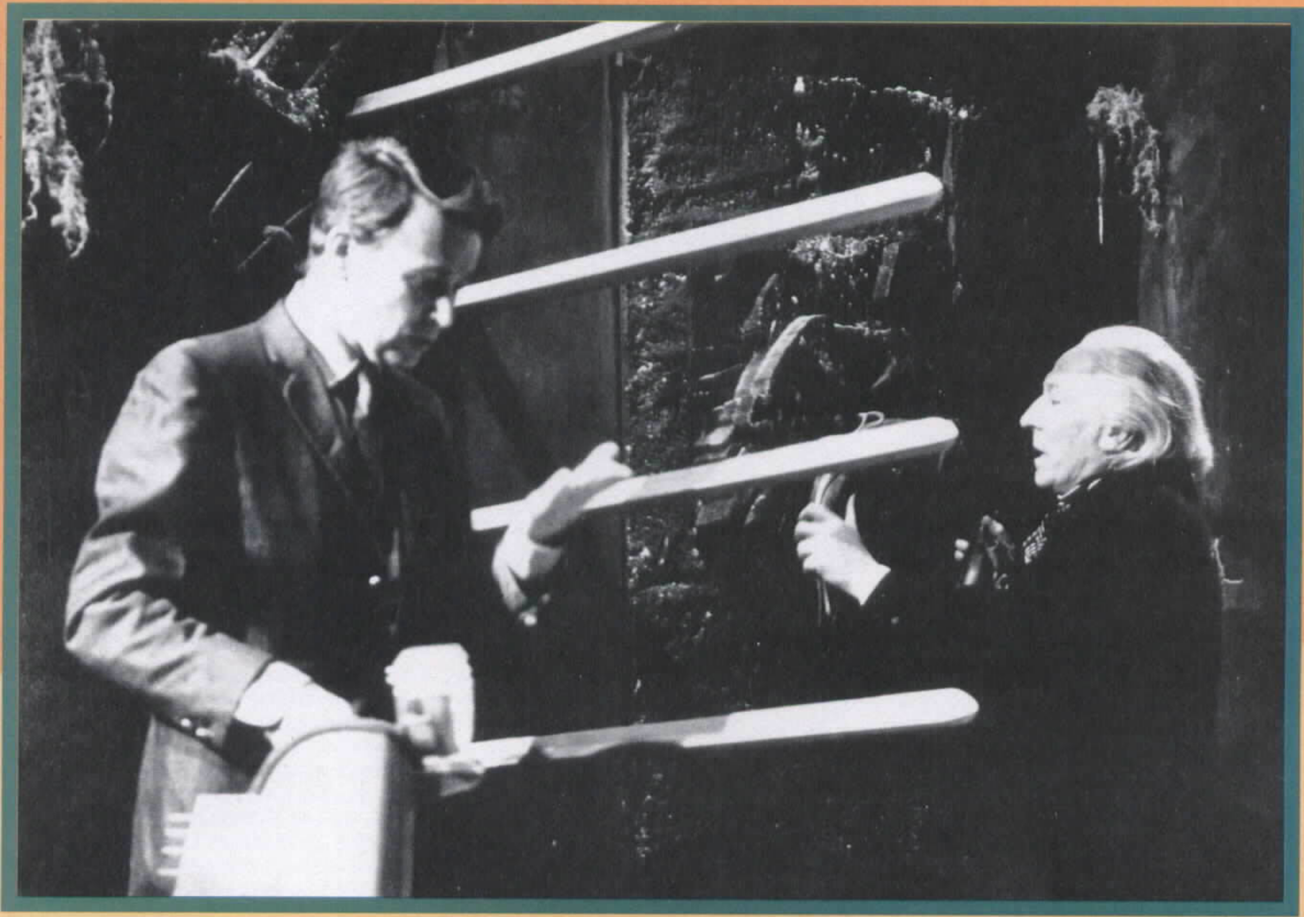
Saphadin (Roger Avon), Saladdin (Bernard Kay), Barbara Wright (Jacqueline Hill) and William des Preaux (John Flint) discuss *The Crusade*. Photo © BBC

Like Robert Holmes, his story-editing successor several times removed, Whitaker was a writer who knew how to use language in context to raise the dramatic level of a scene. In the one existing episode of *The Crusade (The Wheel of Fortune)*, for example there is a clear disjunction between the style of language used in the scenes in Lydda and that used in Richard's court at Jaffa. In the former, conversations tend to be brief, functional and straight to the point. In the latter, Richard, Joanna, Leicester and the Chamberlain speak in a heightened, archaic court diction which lends a kind of sub-Shakespearean grandeur to the proceedings, and the Doctor joins in with aplomb.

At other times, the vocabulary and style of Whitaker's characters is altogether rougher. Another linguistic talent Whitaker shares with Holmes is his ability to suggest through dialogue that his stories are a great deal more horrific and violent than they ever really are. Images of horror, as Ridley Scott's *Alien* movie proved conclusively, are far more disturbing when left to the imagination ►

Whitaker was responsible for writing some of the programme's most successful escapades with other people's creations, such as the Daleks and also the Cybermen in *The Wheel in Space*. Photo © BBC



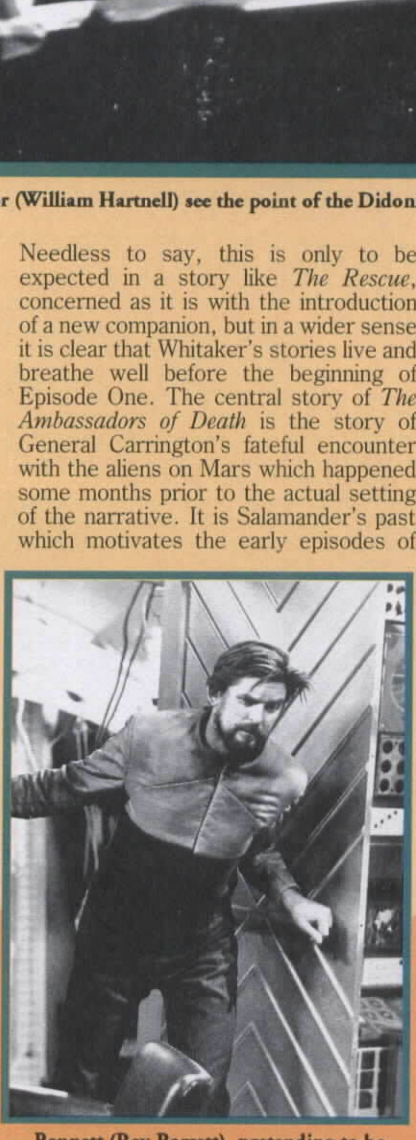


Ian Chesterton (William Russell) and the Doctor (William Hartnell) see the point of the Didonian traps in *The Rescue.* Photo © Barry Newbery

than when graphically paraded across the screen. Again in *The Crusade*, the evil Emir El Akir (surely one of *Doctor Who*'s most underestimated villains, who sadly appears only fleetingly in *The Wheel of Fortune*) talks far more violence than he is seen to practise, and the horrific effect of his threats to make Barbara dance on hot coals and run down a corridor of steel knives is undeniable. El Akir's viciousness is established by reports of off-screen atrocities such as the butchering of Haroun's family, and his callousness is sketched in the vandalising behaviour of his guards as they search the slums of Lydda, so that when Barbara is finally thrown before the Emir's feet at the end of that third episode, it takes only a mildly menacing line from El Akir himself to cement a truly frightening cliffhanger.

At other times the dramatic content of Whitaker's stories derives from the writer's keen visual awareness, and it is a standard practice in his scripts for a character to demonstrate violence on inanimate objects, thus leaving the viewer to imagine the same treatment being meted out on our heroes. Thus Susan is seen repeatedly stabbing one of the TARDIS beds in *The Edge of Destruction* while Ian looks on. Similarly in *The Enemy of the World* Benik smashes Giles Kent's bone china with enough conviction for the message to be quite clear.

No character in a David Whitaker story seems to be without their own story to tell, their own detailed character-study and emotional history. Needless to say, this is only to be expected in a story like *The Rescue*, concerned as it is with the introduction of a new companion, but in a wider sense it is clear that Whitaker's stories live and breathe well before the beginning of Episode One. The central story of *The Ambassadors of Death* is the story of General Carrington's fateful encounter with the aliens on Mars which happened some months prior to the actual setting of the narrative. It is Salamander's past which motivates the early episodes of *The Enemy of the World*, and we go on to discover that his masterplan has been in implementation for years. Similarly, the Cybermen's plans are well under way by the time the Doctor becomes involved in *The Wheel in Space*. Even Whitaker's incidental characters, such as Lennox in *The Ambassadors of Death* and Fariah in *The Enemy of the World*, are lovingly and three-dimensionally crafted in this respect. Yet again the surviving episode of *The Crusade* provides a case study in the form of Barbara's rescuer, Haroun Ed Diin, whose hatred of El Akir is motivated by the Emir's destruction of his happy, wealthy family to avenge the frustration of a selfish sexual desire. Haroun's daughter Safiya, an even smaller rôle, has a different and even more poignant emotional history, since her father has not told her of the massacre of her family and she is innocently unaware of the terrible reason why Haroun leaves his knife with Barbara. Writing of such delicacy in what is essentially an action-based story marks a tremendous achievement and is an object lesson in why Sixties *Doctor Who* succeeded – when character took the place of spectacle, the result was stunning, as in *The Crusade* and *The Aztecs*; when the show's tiny budget was pushed to its limits in an effort to create a spectacle – as in *The Web Planet* and *The Chase* – the results were not always of the same calibre.



Bennett (Ray Barrett), pretending to be injured to fool Vicki in *The Rescue.* Photo © Barry Newbery

For David Whitaker, *Doctor Who* was not about the ultimately ephemeral tinsel of special effects, but first and foremost about the involvement of its characters.

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The OTHER 'The Enemy of the World'

In October 1979, David Whitaker submitted the following proposal to WH Allen, publisher of the Target *Doctor Who* novelisations. It was an outline for *Doctor Who and the Enemy of the World* – a novel based on his 1967/8 adventure featuring the Second Doctor. The significant differences Whitaker proposed for the novelisation are interesting to note, as are his reasons. Whitaker died in February 1981 without having begun work on the book. Eventually Ian Marter produced a novel based on the original scripts and not these notes.

This was originally a six-part serial, transmitted by the BBC between December, 1967 and January 1968.

In essence, the serial was distinct in that it enabled the actor playing Doctor Who to play, for the first time, an additional rôle: that of the principal villain, the evil genius Salamander.

While this occasioned something of a tour de force from the actor (Patrick Troughton) and allowed the producer (Innes Lloyd) to demonstrate his great abilities, what is visually surprising and effective does not always lend itself to the purely narrative form.

As a result, I have allowed myself a free hand; keeping to the basic thrust of the story, dropping some of the sub-plots and less essential characters and planning an adventure which can be gripping and entertaining to the end of its 39,000 words.

With his companion Jamie McCrimmon, Doctor Who returns to Earth some fifty years later than our time now – the year 2030. The Tardis hides itself in a cave by the sea-shore and the Doctor proposes a pleasant day on the deserted beach before they reconnoitre. Before long, both are pursued by men in a hovercraft, determined to kill them. They are rescued by a girl named Astrid who takes them to Giles Kent, the man she works for. The reason the men tried to destroy the Doctor was because of his resemblance to Ramon Salamander, whom the world believes is its saviour, whom Giles Kent and Astrid insist is the enemy of the world. Assuming that the Doctor and his companion have returned from a seven-year stint on a space re-fuelling station – explaining their ignorance (which the Doctor doesn't deny) Giles Kent brings them up to date with the changes that have taken place.

The world is not vastly altered. One may travel to the other side of the globe by rocket in an hour. The videophone means one can both see and hear the caller – from whatever distance. Space travel has ferried new mineral wealth from the now accessible planets, Mars, Venus and Saturn. But the control of the world has passed from countries and the United Nations has been superceded by the World Council. Food production and the fight against the natural elements has forced the change. Some years before, extint volcanoes began to erupt, earthquakes rent the earth, storms lashed and tempests raged. Drought was caused in some areas, vast floods in others. The man who began to isolate and warn about these natural disasters was Ramon Salamander. Encouraged by Giles Kent, Salamander rapidly became a world-wide authority. Then, with his introduction of a sun-store, Salamander provided hope for increased harvests. The world was split into zones, each one commanded by a Controller. Giles Kent was given the Australasian Zone but then became suspicious of Salamander. Then he was discredited and removed from office. He believes

Photo © BBC

that Salamander has harnessed the natural elements, that he destroys first and then arrives as the saviour. The fortunate emergence of the Doctor, so similar in appearance, means a chance to find out where Salamander's secret base of operations is and destroy it – and he believes the answer can be found in Salamander's small research station at Kanowna.

Much as the Doctor may accept Giles Kent on face value, he prefers proof against Salamander before he moves against him.

Not only are they pitted against a man who is idolised, there is a new and aggressive Security Force headed by a clever and intelligent chief, Donald Bruce and his ruthless assistant, Benik.

In parallel, Salamander continues his secret ambition to conquer the world: warning each Zone of disaster, using threats to force into control men both loyal or subservient to him, disrupting and saving in turn, making himself indispensible while, from a secret atomic underground shelter beneath his research station, he has incarcerated a group of scientists who carry out his orders and unleash the natural forces of the world – in the belief that an atomic war is raging on the surface. To these people, Salamander is a hero who ventures into a radiation-filled atmosphere to get them their food and supplies.

Gradually, the Doctor gets closer until at last he and Giles Kent penetrate Salamander's provate records room, the Doctor to secure the evidence he needs, Giles Kent to find the location of Salamander's secret base of operations.

At this moment of success, the Doctor faces a different Giles Kent, a man who was once Salamander's ally in all the worst that he did and now determined merely to supplant him and take over.

The Doctor is ready for this new threat and when Kent and Salamander have fought each other and Kent is killed, the Doctor refuses to carry Salamander away in the Tardis. He leaves the enemy of the world to the justice of the people of the world.

The above has been re-printed exactly as David Whitaker submitted it.

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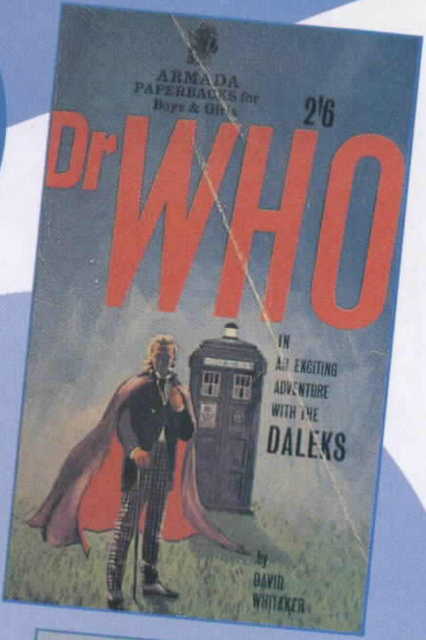
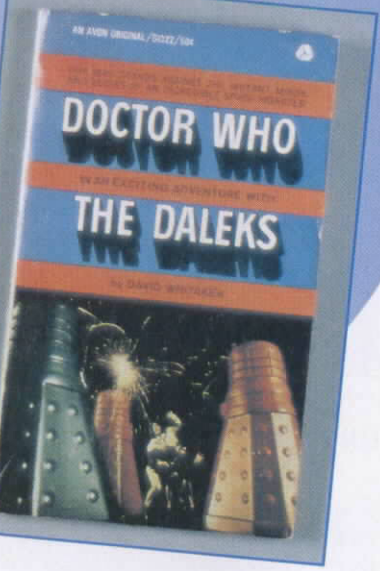


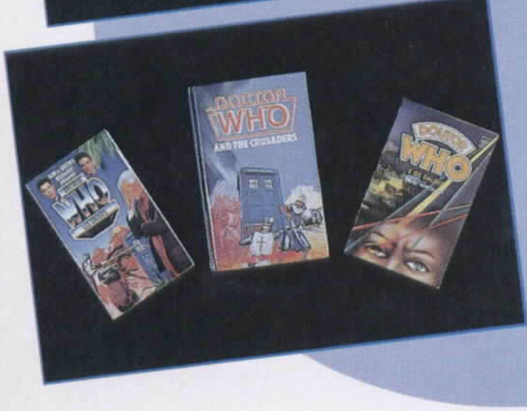
Only Terry Nation gained more press recognition as a *Doctor Who* writer. David Whitaker's contributions to *Doctor Who* were not always appreciated by the newspapers, but because they crossed so many medias they were usually noticed. In fact, Mr Whitaker must hold the dubious honour of being the first person Fleet Street blamed for introducing the Doctor to sex. He had contravened his own advice in the *Doctor Who Writer's Guide* by creating a potential romance between Ian and Barbara in the first novel based on the series, *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*. Long before the minor outcry over John Peel's opening *The New Adventures* novel *Genesys*, *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* saw Whitaker experimenting with a few more adult themes.

"The science-fiction element in the new *Doctor Who* story is irrelevant," griped *The Times Literary Supplement* of 19th May 1966. "An undistinguished historical story is neither helped nor hindered by the intrusion of the ubiquitous Doctor and his young companions. What makes a rather silly book just a little disturbing is its tone. Barbara is captured by a kinky Emir, who rewards her with a ceremonial flogging, from which she is rescued later than convention in such stories demands. This introduction of an 007 sexual-sadistic element into children's literature, however unimportant and lacking in quality it may be, is disquieting."



In 1974 *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* was republished. The book's original cost of 12s 6d had become thirty new pence, but *The Times Literary Supplement*'s opinion hadn't changed. "In expert adapting hands good written fiction can make satisfactory television material. The converse is seldom true," wrote Marcus Crouch on 6th December. "By the time it has undergone translation into book form the excellent ham of *Doctor Who* is more than a little off. Why is this so? The qualities of the television series are essentially visual and audial; the dialogue is unmemorable. The essence of television is that it is instant, of the novel that it is permanent. The reprint in paperback of two *Doctor Who* stories confirm these generalisations. . . In *Doctor Who and the Zarbi* the scene is an alien world in which ant and butterfly-like creatures strive. *Doctor Who and the Crusaders* is rather more sophisticated; the history is soundly researched, the sadism distinctly kinky." The sexual revolution of the intervening years evidently cut no mustard with *The Times* and, unfortunately, *The Sun* had no literary supplement to award Mr Whitaker a prize for services to children's fiction.

In 1965, *The Financial Times* actually did recommend an award for David Whitaker, in an article indicative of the warmer reception his television *Doctor Who* received. On 6th January T.C.Worsley asked: "How does it happen that a children's Saturday night series suddenly throws up in the Daleks, an image that becomes universal (and why incidentally has its creator David Whitaker not collected one of the awards being flung around at this time?)"



While David Whitaker could not rightfully claim sole credit for creating *Doctor Who*, he was responsible for the serial under consideration: *The Rescue*. "I overcame my allergy to science fiction to watch the new *Dr Who* series which replaces, temporarily I suspect, the Daleks," continued the increasingly confused Mr Worsley. "Will Mr Whitaker do it again with the half animal automata from the planet Dido? I rather doubt it. Koquiltion is a memorable enough name to catch on, but these beast machine men have not the beautiful simplicity of their predecessors, nor the catchy mode of speech. The first episode in the new series was actually disappointingly inexpert in the handling. It ended, indeed, in fiasco, when the Pearl White fade-out with the Doctor and Ian poised over a dragon-infested abyss, was ruined by a misplaced camera. Incidentally, if I believed, which I do not, in the baleful effects on children of tales of violence and horror, *Dr Who* would be high on the danger list." Thankfully, the public overlooked the technical hitches and granted *The Rescue* one of the biggest audiences in the programme's history.

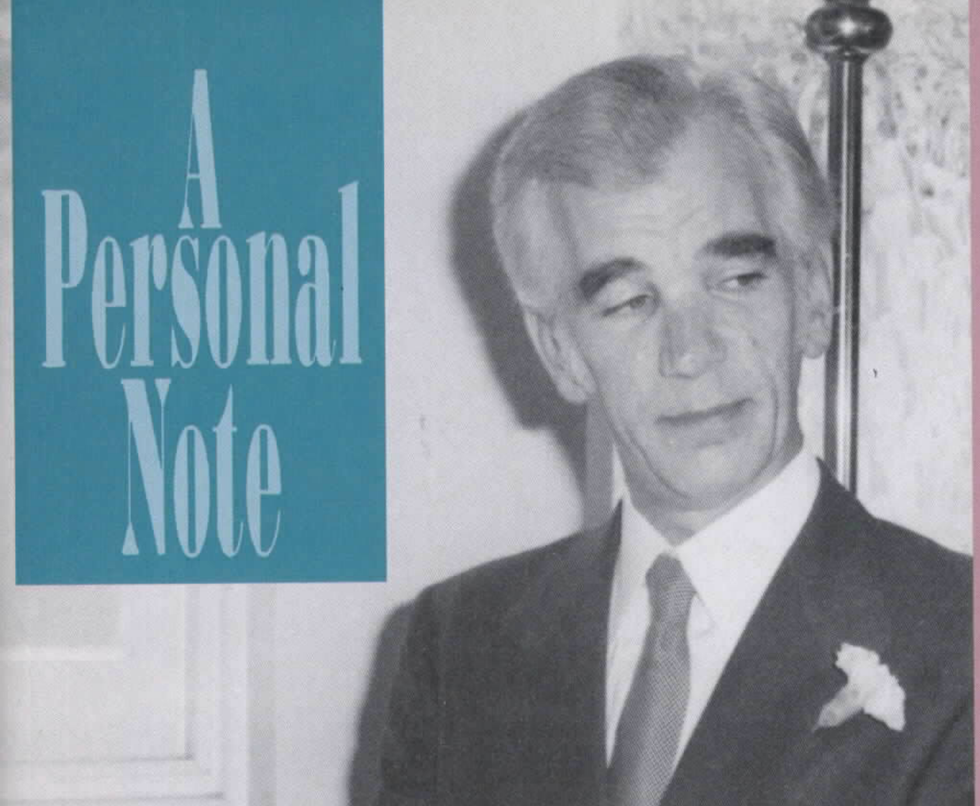
There was no chance of dodgy camera-work spoiling *The Curse of the Daleks*, the 1965 stage-play Whitaker co-wrote with Dalek creator Terry Nation. *The Times* sent a bemused critic to the Wyndham's Theatre on 22nd December. "No less compelling on the stage than the television screen, the Daleks are the undoubted stars of this futuristic adventure story. Gliding sleekly round the stage carefully articulating their orders, they possess a magnetism lacking in the flesh-and-blood characters . . . Simultaneously exploiting the properties of the whodunnit and science fiction, the authors have concocted an ultimately exciting adventure."

Twenty-five years before *The New Adventures* David Whitaker wrote novels that were too broad for small screen *Doctor Who*. Twenty years before *The Ultimate Adventure* David Whitaker brought the Daleks to the London stage. While the press didn't always approve of his interpretation, they were witness to the invention that shaped *Doctor Who*.

NB: All spelling and grammatical inaccuracies in quoted passages are as they were in the original reports.

Marcus Hearn

A Personal Note



Back in the late Seventies, Gary Hopkins was the co-editor of a *Doctor Who* fanzine entitled *The Doctor Who Review*. One of the many people Gary had contact with was David Whitaker, exchanging regular letters and notes. Gary looks back over these personal recollections and has also provided three short capsule stories which Whitaker wrote as diary entries for each of the three original companions.

It could hardly be described as a correspondence of staggering literary value, but it meant a lot to me then and it means a lot to me nearly fifteen years later.

November 1978. *Doctor Who* was about to celebrate its Fifteenth Anniversary when I received the first letter from David Whitaker, a writer largely ignored by those researching the development of the programme and only subsequently acknowledged as the principal creative force behind its early success. In my quest for enlightenment – and also for enough material to fill the pages of an amateur publication – I contacted David Whitaker to seek the answers to a million pertinent questions (and several impertinent ones) regarding the genesis of *Doctor Who.* Having spoken to a number of actors, writers and directors who had been involved with the series during its formative years I was surprised that no-one had attempted to quiz the one man who would almost certainly reveal all.

Who, I asked, was the real creator of *Doctor Who*? What problems existed at the beginning? Why did Terry Nation distance himself from the production of the first Dalek adventure? Did the regular cast get on? How were the in-house squabbles at the BBC resolved? Or weren't they? Just exactly how tough and uncompromising was Verity Lambert as a new producer? And, finally, did he have any witty or amusing little anecdotes which I could pass on to readers?

His reply was disappointing.

"It would be wrong to try and answer all your questions," he wrote. "My diaries are out of the country at the moment and I might make a slip!"

At the time part of me wanted to believe that this really was the truth, and that I wasn't being fobbed off with the age-old standbys of sudden amnesia or overly-sensitive professional politeness. In later years, when it was too late to tell him so, I realised that David Whitaker had been genuinely keen to help and that he wasn't the sort of person to let professional politeness get in the way of a good story. With hindsight it's clear from the rest of that first letter that his memory of the work he did on *Doctor Who* was still quite sharp, but that he was understandably nervous of quoting chapter and verse of what had happened all those years before without corroboration.

He went on.

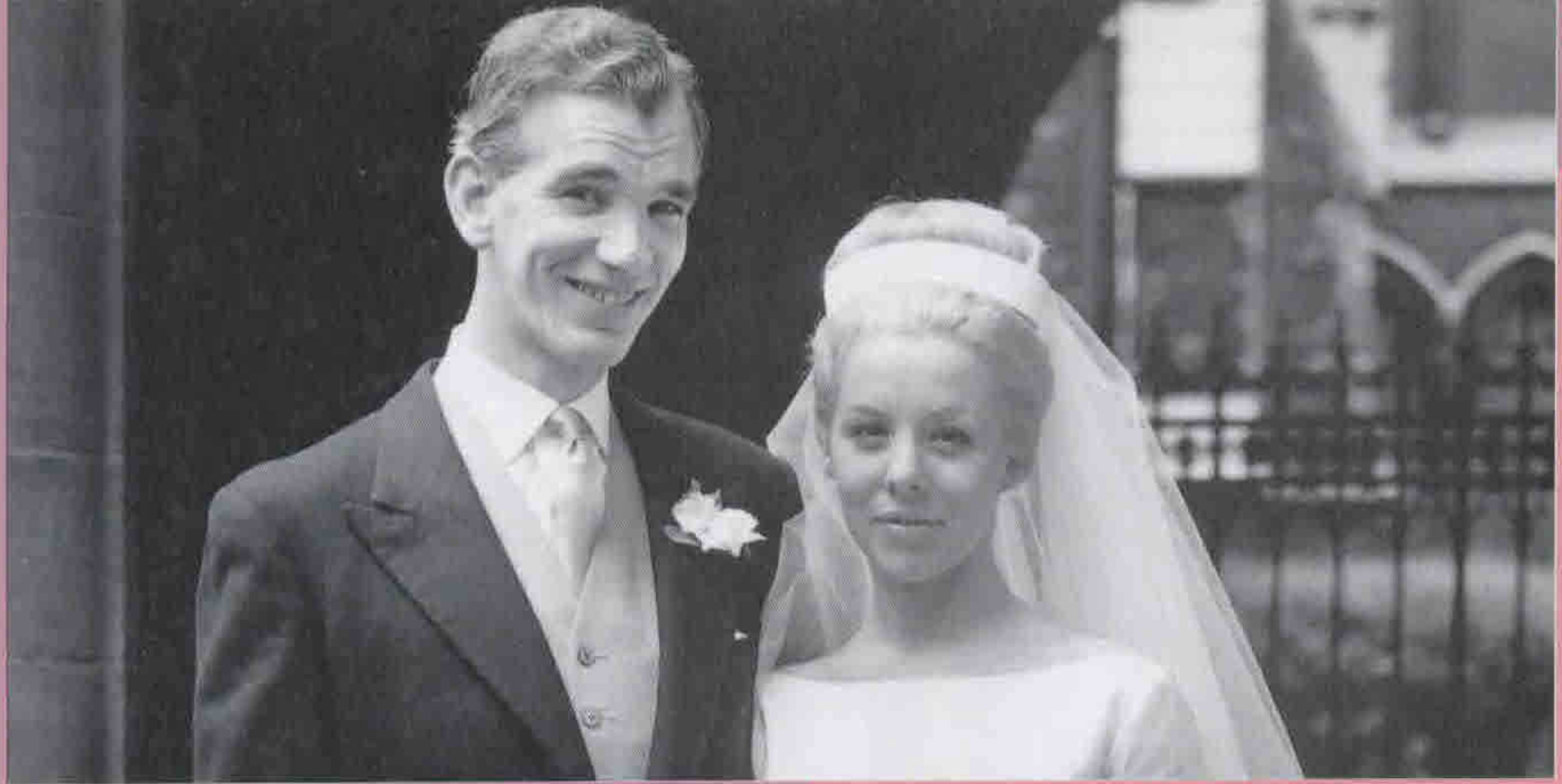
"There is no doubt in my mind that William Hartnell secured the success of *Doctor Who* for us, and the BBC has always understood that only an actor of talent and personality could fill the leading role."

Bearing in mind that Tom Baker was at the height of his fame as the Doctor when David Whitaker made these comments, he added that " . . . The series has been fortunate in its choices."

"Verity was a splendid producer," he continued, "and we had the services of fine directors such as Waris Hussein and Douglas Camfield. Raymond Cusick headed a list of excellent designers who produced miracles out of cellophane paper and battery bulbs. We began production in the smallest Drama production studios, Studio D at Lime Grove, with an allowance of two minutes for outside filming and a budget above the line of £2,500. Each

A long time ago Grandfather was experimenting in his laboratory to see if he could construct a horn of plenty. Unfortunately he must have misread his own calculations. He made a horn of plenty all right, but all that issued forth from it was an unending stream of silver-wrapped chocolate, oranges, dolls, tin soldiers, games and puzzles. The TARDIS was overflowing with them! We were in Scandinavia at the time, so Grandfather disguised himself, went out of the ship and harnessed some reindeers to a sled, intending to take the horn of plenty to a nearby lake and destroy it in snow water. But as the sled was pulled through a little village the toys fell out and people saw the reindeer and Grandfather in his red cloak. He's very cross when I tell this story, but he has made people very happy in the world – at least once a year!

Translated by David Whitaker



David Whitaker's first wedding, in 1961, to actress June Barry. The wedding was later dissolved. Photo courtesy of Robert Whitaker.

episode could have four sets and a tiny inset.

"You will see from this that *Doctor Who* emerged under great restrictions. I have no doubt at all," he emphasised, "that it was William Hartnell and Carole Ann Ford, Bill Russell and Jackie Hill who supported him, and our fine guest actors who made the series so attractive."

MODESTY

With typical modesty David managed to side-step any discussion about his own prodigious output for *Doctor Who*, which included many television scripts between 1963 and 1970, several Dalek-related productions, with and without Terry Nation, books based on the series, comic strips and many short stories for a variety of publications. I have no doubt at all that he was one of the best writers to have written for *Doctor Who*, the quality of his scripts rising well above the mediocre at a time when television drama's voracious appetite reduced a lot of talented writers to little more than hacks.

Strongly supportive of his colleagues, not least as an active member of the Writers Guild of Great Britain – for which he was the chairman from 1966 to 1968 – David Whitaker had nothing but fulsome praise for those who agreed to join him on *Doctor Who*.

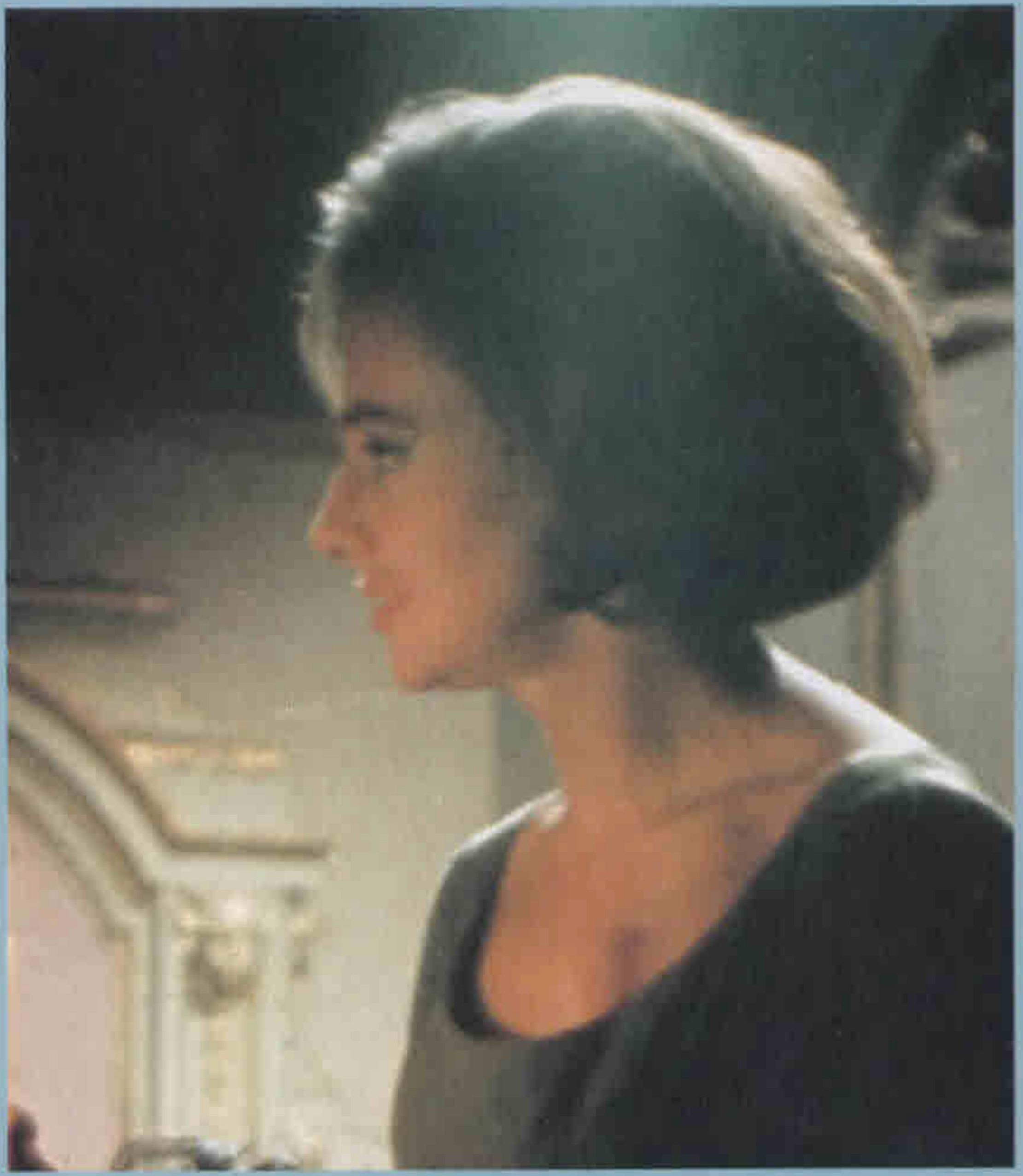
"John Lucarotti gave us two excellent, colourful historical adventures; Dennis Spooner wrote a marvellous story about the French Revolution; Louis Marks contributed a splendid story where the four principals were shrunk down to minuscule size; and Terry Nation introduced the Daleks, those evil creatures worthy of Jules Verne.

"It's also true to say that the success of the series proved the audience interest in science fiction and a number of series followed in its wake which would not have otherwise been given an opportunity - *Undermind, The Time Tunnel, The Invaders, Lost in Space* and the very best of all the science fiction series to date, Gene Roddenberry's *Star Trek*."

A memorable and endearing characteristic of David Whitaker was his almost childlike desire to preserve the mystique of *Doctor Who*, together with a marked reluctance – shared by many writers – to reveal too much about the nuts and bolts of television production. He took the view that, as a story-teller, it was part of his job to maintain the illusion, that vital suspension of disbelief, created by moving pictures on a screen. He was justifiably proud of *Doctor Who*, both as a fictitious character and as a TV programme, and guarded its secrets well. It seems there was an unspoken rule that reality must, at all costs, never intrude upon fantasy.

Do you know how the planet Deta Minor was populated? It came about by a dreadful mistake. The TARDIS came to a landing and we discovered we had materialised inside the hold of a ship. As we opened the doors, the sailors surrounded us, so of course the Doctor did his best to explain. The Captain and his officers then appeared, and the only way to satisfy their curiosity was to invite them into the TARDIS. All the crew came in and we led them on a conducted tour of our ship, which was so different from theirs. And then someone slipped and fell. The TARDIS jerked into action as a hand touched its controls. And when we opened the doors we were on the planet Deta Minor, the Doctor had no option but to release the crew there and settle them with the local Detaens, android women who proved to be splendid mothers for the new combined race of Andromen. And, on Earth, the mystery still persists about the disappearance of the Captain and crew of the Mary Celeste . . .

Translated by David Whitaker



"I was delighted to initiate *Doctor Who* for the BBC, and it's a great pleasure to see it still being so successful," he said in conclusion. "And if the right story is told to me by my friend the Doctor on one of our occasional meetings," he added with no small humour, "perhaps I may contribute again to the series."

After many years of exhaustive research and a great deal of detective work various interested parties have uncovered just about all there is to find out concerning TV's best-known time-traveller. Such a wealth of information makes David Whitaker's comments and observations of fifteen years ago sound rather pedestrian, but it has to remembered that even then – in the late Seventies – the origins of *Doctor Who* were still shrouded in mystery. I think he preferred it that way.

Subsequent letters from the Whitaker home in London were little more than polite, informal responses to queries on matters of a general nature. I'd long been aware that he was seriously ill, but his work seemed to sustain him and his mood was cheerful to the end.

Did I ever tell you of the time the Doctor landed the ship and then hurtled out of the doors of the TARDIS arrayed in the most extraordinary clothes? He carried a staff and was swathed in a grubby sheets. Barbara and I followed him. Fortunately we were both wearing cloaks, so our clothes were hidden and we didn't become noticeable in the great throng of Roman citizens. We hurried and pushed our way after the Doctor who finally seemed to reach his place, breathing heavily, his face red with exertion.

"What's the emergency, Doctor?" I asked him.

"My dear Chesterton," he gasped, "I once made the dreadful mistake of trying to change the history of the world. Publicly I uttered a warning and now, as the loop of time comes round, I have to be in my appointed place at the appointed time."

At this moment Julius Ceasar walked forward, smiling and nodding to the crowds who pressed on either side for a sight of him. Close at his elbow was Mark Anthony, Ceasar's greatest friend. And Doctor Who stepped forward and said:

"Beware, Ceasar!"

"Who speaks there?" called Ceasar, stopping in his tracks.

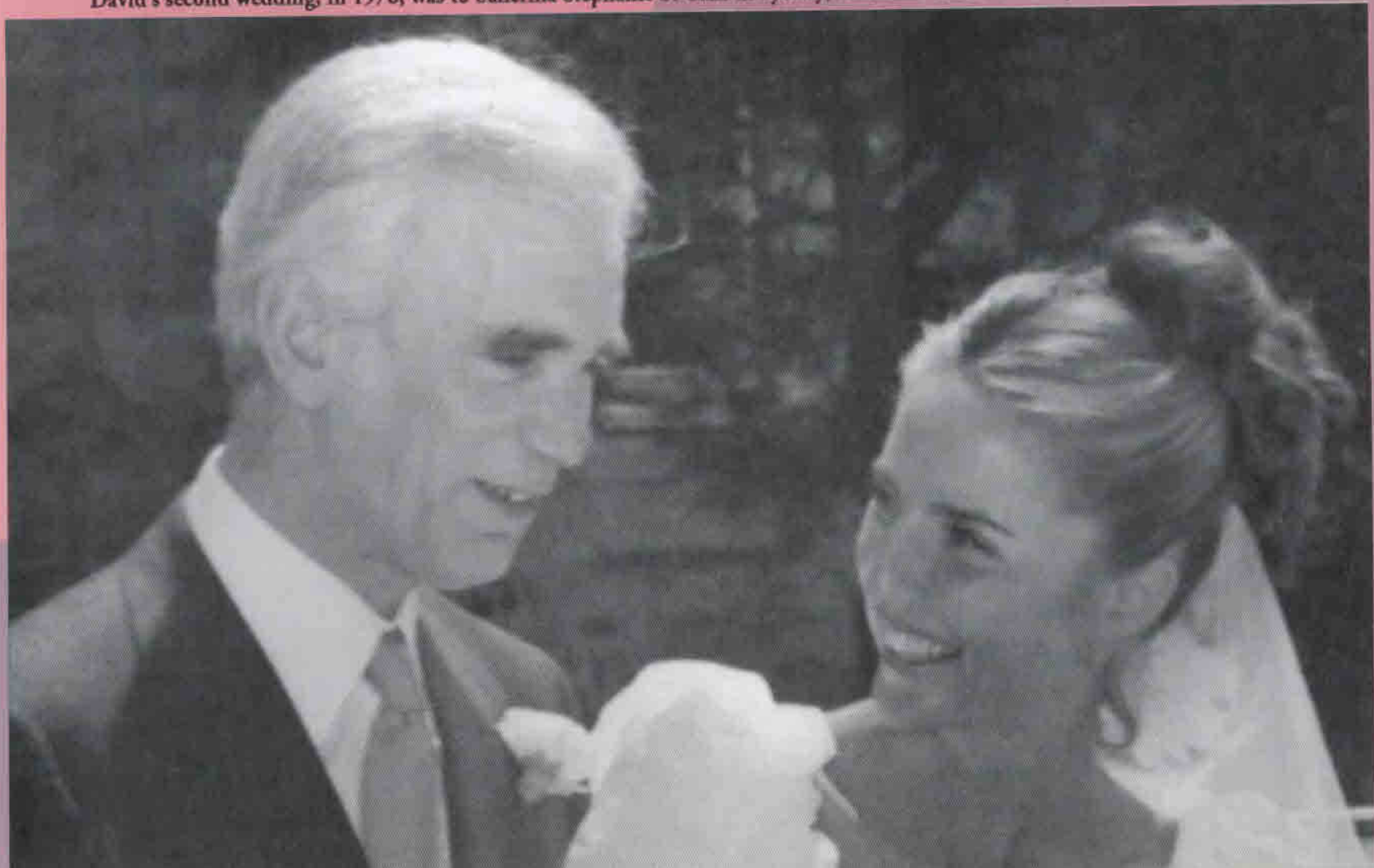
"Beware, Ceasar," repeated the Doctor. "Beware the Ides of March . . ."

Translated by David Whitaker

Early in 1980 a letter from his wife, Stephanie, confirmed what I'd heard from another source. She explained that "David died, thankfully very peacefully and unknowingly, on February 4th while undergoing cancer treatment. He was at the time writing a novelization of a past *Doctor Who* serial, and would have gone on to do a second book had he lived." Enclosed with the letter were half-a-dozen faded and yellowing publicity stills, that I "might value them as a memory of David," all of which feature moments from early episodes of *Doctor Who* and had been pinned on the wall of his study. William Hartnell, in his rôle as the Doctor, dominates them all.

David Whitaker's work lives on. But if there was any knowledge about *Doctor Who* that he wished not to share, then it died with him. The secrets, the illusion, remain intact.

David's second wedding, in 1978, was to ballerina Stephanie St Clair in Sydney, Australia. Photo courtesy of Robert Whitaker



The Curse of the Daleks

David J Howe examines David Whitaker's work with the Daleks upon the London stage in the 1965 theatre production *The Curse of the Daleks.*

TELEPHONE
TELEPHONE
J. SHEEK

David Whitaker may have overseen the genesis of Terry Nation's creations on television, but by the time he wrote *The Power of the Daleks* and *The Evil of the Daleks* he had already cut his teeth by writing the first ever *Doctor Who* stage play in 1965.

Produced by John Gale Productions Ltd, directed by Gillian Howell and designed by Hutchinson Scott, *The Curse of the Daleks* opened on Thursday 21 December 1965 at Wyndham's Theatre in London's Charing Cross Road and ran for two weeks over the Christmas holiday period. While the script had been written by Whitaker alone, it was credited to both Whitaker and Terry Nation. Nation, after completing his episodes of the TV story *The Daleks' Master Plan*, had taken a break from *Doctor Who* work, giving permission for Whitaker to write much of the Dalek spin-off material of this era.

In constructing the stage play, Whitaker decided to revolve the action firmly around the Daleks. As a result, the Doctor did not appear and there were no overt references to *Doctor Who* in the script.

FAMILIAR THEMES

Some of the elements of *Doctor Who* favoured by Whitaker were strongly recognisable. There was the romance; in this case between Marion and Rocket echoing the themes of *The Aztecs*, *The Sensorites* and even *The Daleks*. There was the whodunnit aspect, with the audience unsure of the traitor's identity until the end, used on TV in *The Sensorites* and Whitaker's own *The Edge of Destruction*. And there were the Daleks: intelligent and manipulative, fully capable of holding their own against the human cast, as proven in almost all their Sixties TV appearances.

Recognising that *The Curse of the Daleks* had to appeal to the thousands of children who had been writing into the *Doctor Who* production office concerning the monsters, Whitaker aimed the play at them. It has a fairly straightforward plot. A spaceship, *Starfinder*, en route to Earth makes an emergency landing on Skaro where the Daleks are lying dormant in their city. It transpires that the ship has been sabotaged by a member of the human party, who subsequently reactivates the Daleks in the hope that they will help him to become "king of the universe." Instead, they exterminate him. Fortunately, the other humans have joined forces with two Thals, and together they are able to cut off the Daleks' power and return them to a state of inertia.

The script contains a number of wordy scenes intended to illustrate the burgeoning love interest between two of the crew members, Marion (the late Hilary Tindall) and Rocket (Edward Gardener).

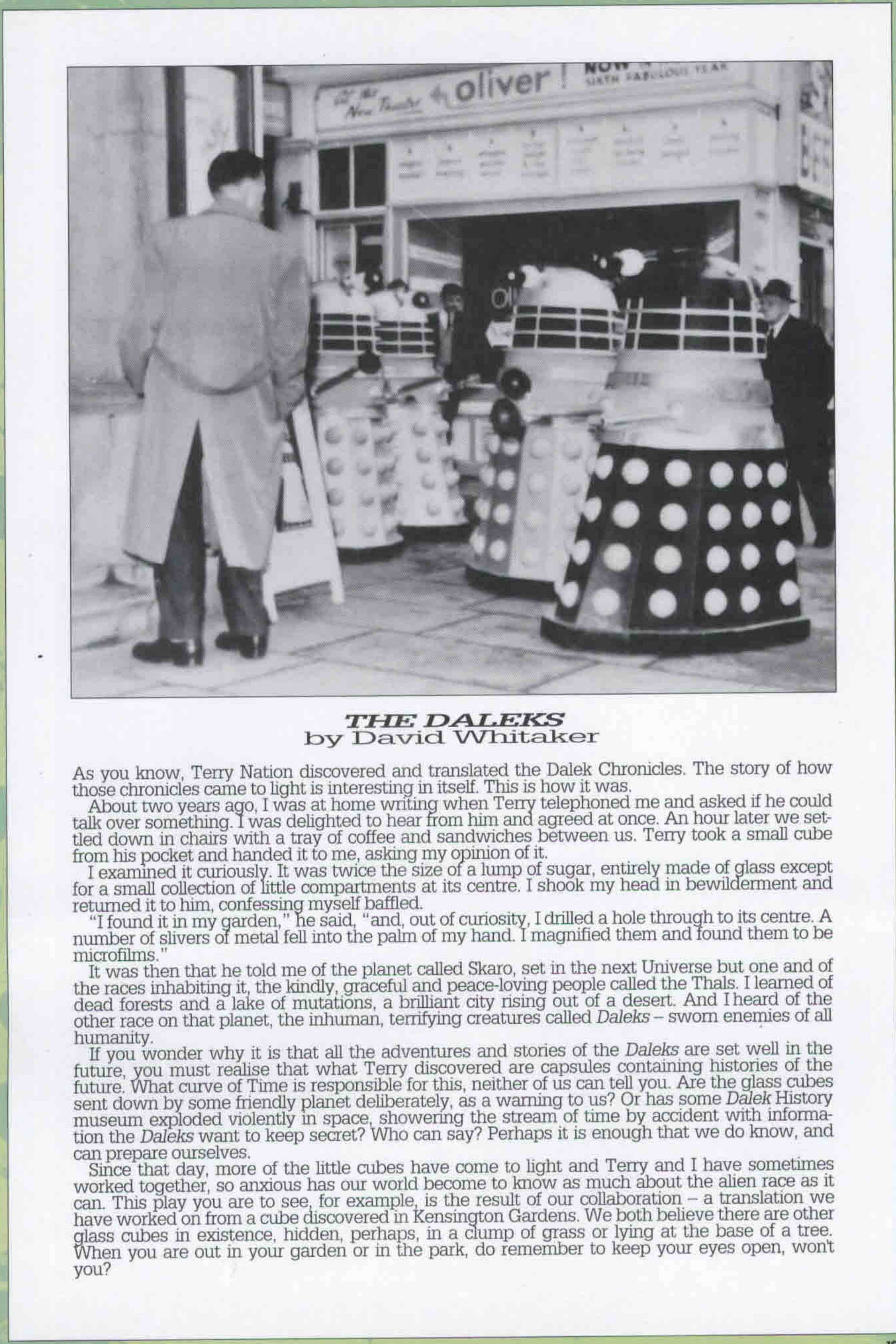
A further romantic sub-plot is introduced between a prisoner being transported on the *Starfinder*, Ladiver (John Line, who later played Martin, one of the colonists in 1972's *Colony in Space*), and the Thal woman, Ijayna (Suzanne Mockler). These aspects reflect the best of Whitaker's writing. He is not afraid to use his characters realistically, giving them emotions and making full use of the 'boy meets girl, boy loses girl' scenario.

Although some of the plot threads are perhaps a little bizarre, *The Curse of the Daleks* is a tightly-constructed whodunnit. Suspicion is thrown first on Ladiver, then on Captain Redway (played by Nicholas Hawtrey, who later appeared in Doctor Who playing Quinn in *The Power of the Daleks*) and then on Professor Vanderlyn (John Moore) until, in best Agatha Christie tradition, the traitor is revealed as the first victim, Bob Slater (David Ashford), who had merely feigned death.

Unsurprisingly, the Daleks featured in this show were very similar in appearance to those seen on TV, as they were the fourth and final batch constructed by Shawcraft Models (Uxbridge) Ltd, the company which had previously supplied the props for the series itself.

The Curse of the Daleks was originally scheduled to play in London's Strand Theatre, where John Gale Productions were based, but for reasons unknown were switched to the nearby Wyndham's Theatre some two weeks before opening. Despite this disruption it still did reasonably good business, often getting full houses. After its initial run, it was not remounted to go on tour and has not been performed since.

One further contribution made by Whitaker to the stage production was to write a short article for the theatre programme. In it he explains how and from where all these new stories about Daleks have come from, and the piece remains a fascinating insight into the marketing of *Doctor Who* as 'real events happening today, somewhere . . .'


oliver !
NOW
SIXTH FABULOUS YEAR

THE DALEKS
by David Whitaker

As you know, Terry Nation discovered and translated the Dalek Chronicles. The story of how those chronicles came to light is interesting in itself. This is how it was.

About two years ago, I was at home writing when Terry telephoned me and asked if he could talk over something. I was delighted to hear from him and agreed at once. An hour later we settled down in chairs with a tray of coffee and sandwiches between us. Terry took a small cube from his pocket and handed it to me, asking my opinion of it.

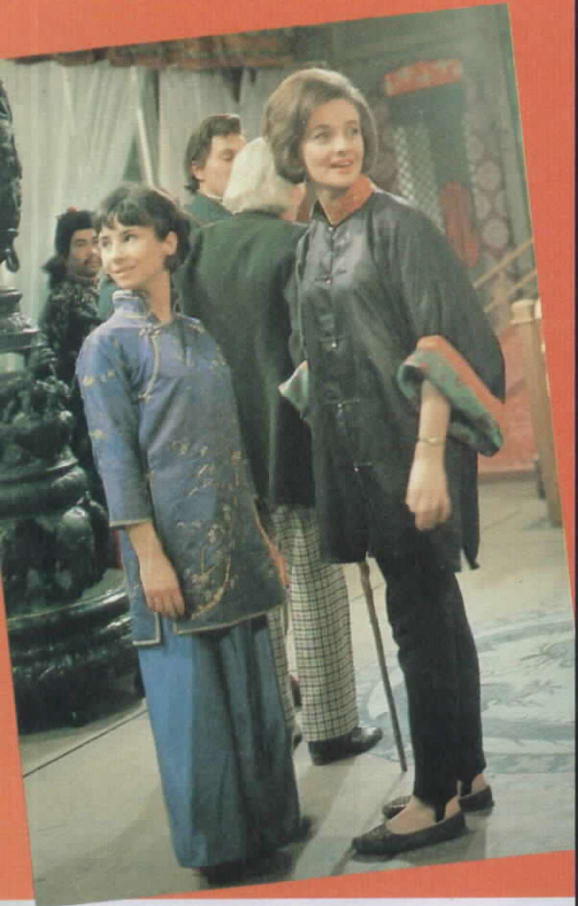
I examined it curiously. It was twice the size of a lump of sugar, entirely made of glass except for a small collection of little compartments at its centre. I shook my head in bewilderment and returned it to him, confessing myself baffled.

"I found it in my garden," he said, "and, out of curiosity, I drilled a hole through to its centre. A number of slivers of metal fell into the palm of my hand. I magnified them and found them to be microfilms."

It was then that he told me of the planet called Skaro, set in the next Universe but one and of the races inhabiting it, the kindly, graceful and peace-loving people called the Thals. I learned of dead forests and a lake of mutations, a brilliant city rising out of a desert. And I heard of the other race on that planet, the inhuman, terrifying creatures called *Daleks* – sworn enemies of all humanity.

If you wonder why it is that all the adventures and stories of the *Daleks* are set well in the future, you must realise that what Terry discovered are capsules containing histories of the future. What curve of Time is responsible for this, neither of us can tell you. Are the glass cubes sent down by some friendly planet deliberately, as a warning to us? Or has some *Dalek* History museum exploded violently in space, showering the stream of time by accident with information the *Daleks* want to keep secret? Who can say? Perhaps it is enough that we do know, and can prepare ourselves.

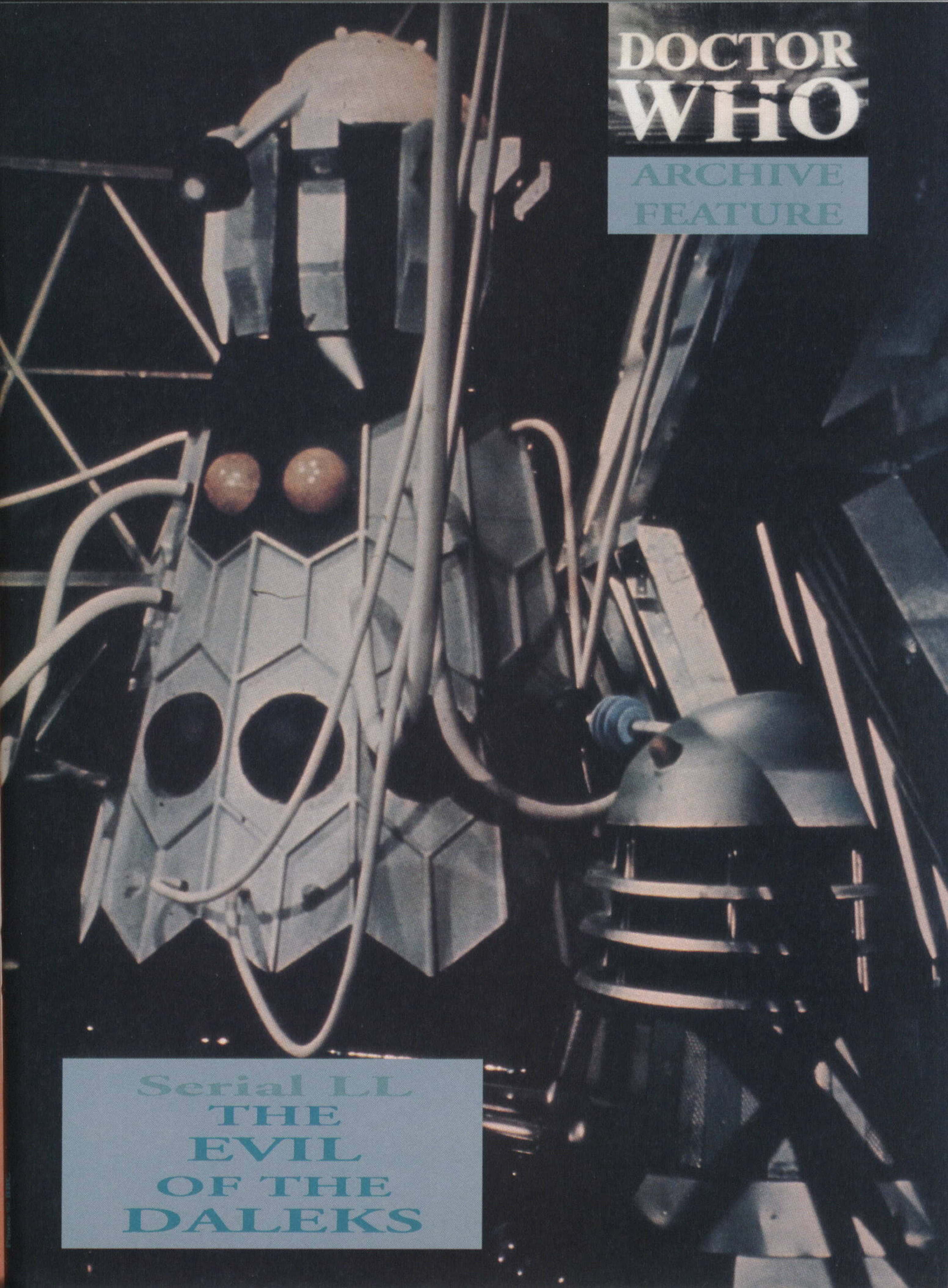
Since that day, more of the little cubes have come to light and Terry and I have sometimes worked together, so anxious has our world become to know as much about the alien race as it can. This play you are to see, for example, is the result of our collaboration – a translation we have worked on from a cube discovered in Kensington Gardens. We both believe there are other glass cubes in existence, hidden, perhaps, in a clump of grass or lying at the base of a tree. When you are out in your garden or in the park, do remember to keep your eyes open, won't you?



MISSING CLASSICS

The gremlins got into the DWM computer last issue and the list printed in #199 had one or two errors. Therefore, what follows is a more accurate listing of what is currently absent from the BBC's Archive. As always, Adam Lee at the Archive would be delighted to hear from anyone anywhere who might be able to help track down any of these episodes. All communications will be treated in the strictest confidence.

TITLE	EPISODES MISSING
Marco Polo	1 - 7
The Reign of Terror	4 - 5
The Crusades	1, 2, 4
Galaxy 4	1 - 4
Mission to the Unknown	1
The Myth Makers	1 - 4
The Daleks' Master Plan	1 - 4, 6 - 9, 11 - 12
The Massacre	1 - 4
The Celestial Toymaker	1 - 3
The Savages	1 - 4
The Smugglers	1 - 4
The Tenth Planet	4
The Power of The Daleks	1 - 6
The Highlanders	1 - 4
The Underwater Menace	1, 2, 4
The Moonbase	1, 3
The Macra Terror	1 - 4
The Faceless Ones	2, 4 - 6
The Evil of the Daleks	1, 3 - 7
The Abominable Snowmen	1, 3 - 6
The Ice Warriors	2 - 3
The Enemy of the World	1, 2, 4 - 6
The Web of Fear	2 - 6
Fury from the Deep	1 - 6
The Wheel in Space	1, 2, 4, 5
The Invasion	1, 4
The Space Pirates	1, 3 - 6

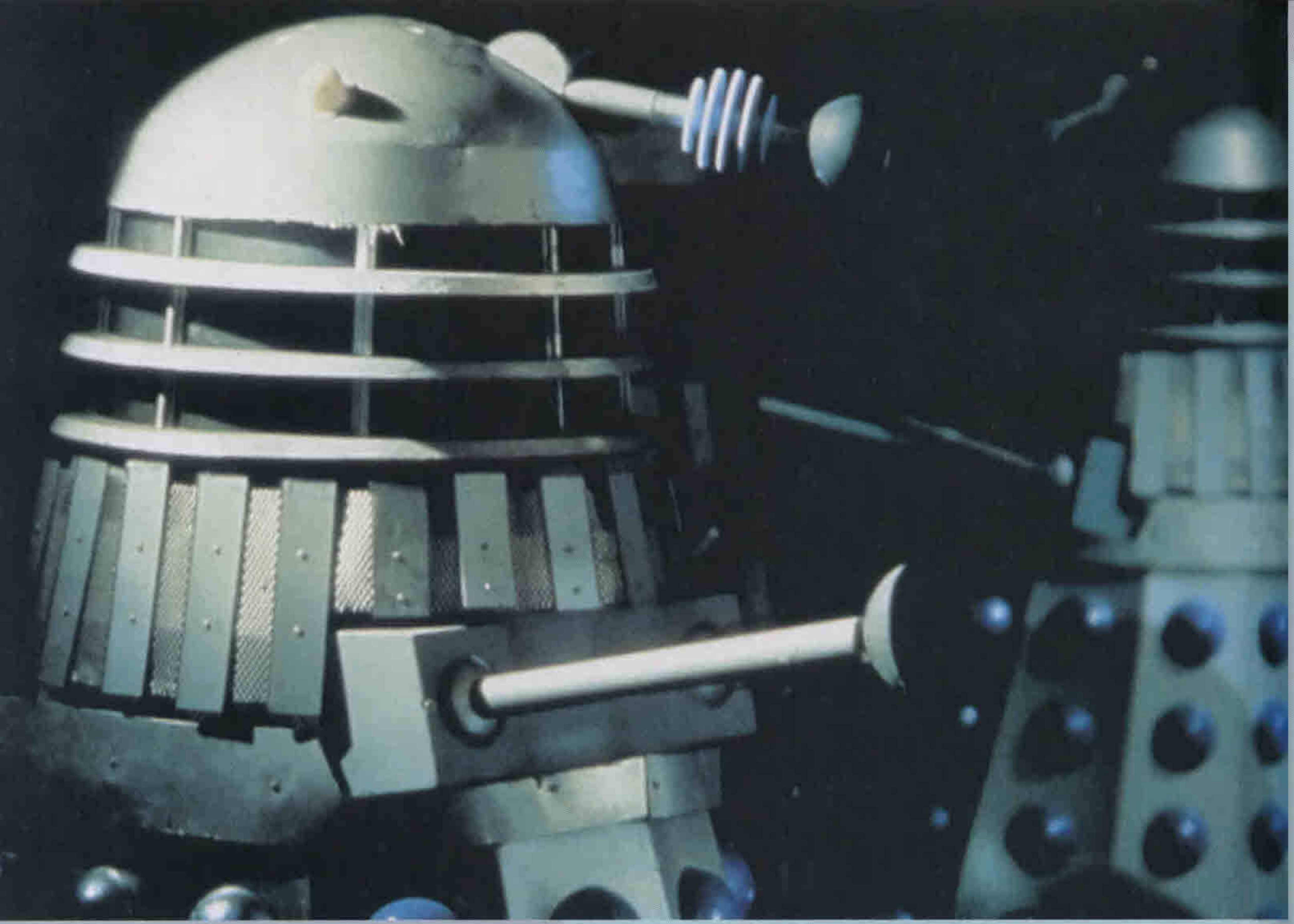


DOCTOR WHO

ARCHIVE FEATURE

Serial LL

THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS



EPISODE 1 (drn 24'07")

The Doctor and Jamie see the TARDIS being stolen from Gatwick Airport, and so question a rather unhelpful mechanic. The mechanic, Bob Hall, then departs by car and the suspicious travellers follow by taxi – watched by another man called Kennedy. Kennedy is waiting to pay Hall off at a warehouse for helping steal the police box, but a fight breaks out between the two men. The Doctor and Jamie enter to find Hall losing consciousness, and discover a book of matches from the coffee bar *The Tricolour,* deliberately left by Kennedy.

Kennedy reports to his employer, Edward Waterfield, who runs a shop specialising in antique Victorian timepieces. Another employee called Perry believes these are fakes, due to their new appearance. Waterfield, who acts like a Victorian, despatches Perry to *The Tricolour* to arrange for 'Doctor Galloway and Mr McCrimmon' to meet him at his shop at ten pm. The rendezvous at the coffee bar is made, and the Doctor agrees to keep the appointment with Waterfield.

Kennedy is curious about a room hidden behind a bookcase in Waterfield's office at the shop. He breaks in there that evening and inside the room is a strange technological device, within which a Dalek appears and advances on the terrified criminal . . .

EPISODE 2 (drn 25'13")

To Waterfield's horror the Dalek guns Kennedy down just as the Doctor and Jamie arrive in the shop half-an-hour early. The duo suspect that Waterfield's 'new' antiques indicate he has a time machine and they encounter Perry, who is also on the premises investigating his employer's activities. Kennedy's body is discovered. After Perry goes for the police, the Doctor and Jamie locate the secret room and activate a booby-trapped box that emits gas. By the time Perry returns to the shop, Waterfield, the Doctor and Jamie have vanished.

The duo awaken in the lounge of a country mansion some miles from Canterbury. The owner, Theodore Maxtible, explains to the Doctor that it is June 2nd 1866, and that Waterfield has been forced to kidnap them and bring them back a century through time. Waterfield's daughter, Victoria, is being held prisoner by those who direct their actions. The Doctor is taken to their laboratory where Maxtible and Waterfield had attemped to travel in time using a cabinet of mirrors charged with static electricity. This has provided a gateway to the house for the Daleks, one of which confronts the Doctor. The Daleks wish to run a series of tests on Jamie to determine the Human Factor, the elements which have allowed humanity to triumph over them in the past, so that they may adopt these facets and become all powerful.

While Jamie is kidnapped from the lounge by a large ruffian, the Daleks announce that the test will begin at once, and any delay will result in death . . .

EPISODE 3 (drn: 24'27")

Jamie wakes up in the nearby stables and the ruffian, Toby, demands payment from his employer, Arthur Terrall, for kidnapping the Scot. Terrall is almost schizophrenic, undergoing brief mental attacks, and is about to take Jamie back to the house anyway when the Doctor arrives.

The Daleks secretly observe Maxtible test the strength of Kemel, a mute Turkish wrestler he has employed to face Jamie in the experiment. The ordeal set for the youth is to rescue Victoria from the south wing of the house, whilst his brain impulses are monitored and selected by the Doctor. Jamie learns that Terrall is the fiancé of Maxtible's daughter, Ruth, and starts to mistrust the Doctor who is acting in a secretive way. The Doctor manages to get Jamie angry enough to attempt the rescue of Victoria, and the Scot sets off for the supposedly haunted south wing with help from Mollie Dawson, a maid who believes that Victoria is in Paris.

The disgruntled Toby breaks into the laboratory that night to try and gain something in recompense from Terrall, but is exterminated by a Dalek. Jamie evades the first of Maxtible's traps – vicious spring blades across the door to the south wing – as Kemel looms out of the shadows nearby . . .

EPISODE 4 (drn: 24'43")

Jamie and the Turk lock in combat, but when Kemel falls through a window the young Scot rescues him. Kemel then returns the favour, saving Jamie from another hidden blade. The Doctor and a Dalek monitor Jamie's reactions in the laboratory, selecting the quality of mercy for the Human Factor.

Waterfield is horrified at finding Toby's corpse and contemplates informing the authorities of events at the house. Whilst dumping the body in the stables, Terrall stops Maxtible shooting Waterfield, although Maxtible has some sort of control over his future son-in-law. Maxtible then asks the Daleks when they will give him the secret he has been promised in return for his co-operation: the transmutation of base metal into gold.

Jamie learns that Kemel is fond of Victoria, and the two men continue the quest together – with Jamie displaying instinct and self-preservation to the Doctor and the Dalek. Victoria is ordered to call out to lure Jamie towards the Daleks, and is heard by Mollie who thinks it is a ghost. Jamie and Kemel deal with one Dalek guard in a hallway and climb up to the balcony where Victoria's detention room is. They are trying to break open the door when another Dalek appears on the landing, gliding towards them . . .

EPISODE 5 (drn: 25'23")

The pair use Kemel's rope to send the Dalek hurtling through the balcony to its demise, and then gain entrance to Victoria's room, barricading the door behind them against attacking Daleks. The girl explains how somebody hypnotised her to go to the Daleks and become their prisoner.

The Doctor confronts Terrall, and finds that the man is charged with some sort of electricity. Maxtible meanwhile hypnotises Mollie to forget that she heard Victoria's voice, and then despatches Terrall down a secret tunnel to the south wing to kidnap Victoria. Terrall grabs the girl and drags her away, with Kemel and Jamie giving chase. Victoria struggles free, and Terrall arrives back in the lounge alone, to take on Jamie in a fight using his collection of swords. Another mental attack causes Terrall to lose, and the Doctor removes a control device from the man's collar. The Doctor urges Mollie and Ruth to leave the house, and to take Terrall with them.

In the laboratory, Kemel finds the unconscious Victoria, only to be forced by the Daleks into entering the time cabinet. Shortly afterwards, the Doctor, Jamie and Waterfield find that the three test Daleks which have Human Factor capsules fitted into their positronic brains are coming to life. Soon the trio of killers are playfully engaging in a game of 'trains' with the Doctor . . .

EPISODE 6 (drn: 24'48")

The Human Factor has given the Daleks the virtues of humour, playfulness and friendship. The Doctor scratches a name on each of them: Alpha, Beta and Omega. The Daleks then announce that they are being recalled to Skaro. Whilst the group search for Victoria, Maxtible is aghast to learn that the Daleks are planning to detonate a bomb in the laboratory to destroy his house. Waterfield manages to warn the Doctor and Jamie about the bomb – and all three enter the time cabinet as the house is destroyed.

Victoria and Kemel are held captive by the Daleks in their city on Skaro, and are soon joined by Maxtible. The Doctor, Jamie and Waterfield have arrived on the planet, and take a series of tunnels down to the underground base. The other Daleks have noticed Omega's name, and send a fake Omega to capture the trio, but the Doctor sees through the ruse and destroys the bogus Dalek. The group enter the city safely, and are lured towards a main control room by Victoria's screams.

In the control room, the Doctor, Jamie and Waterfield are confronted by the huge Emperor Dalek. The Emperor tells the Doctor that the Human Factor has shown the Daleks what their own strengths are: to obey, to destroy and to exterminate. The Doctor will be forced to use his captured TARDIS. "You will take the Dalek Factor. You will spread it through the entire history of Earth!"

EPISODE 7 (drn: 24'33")

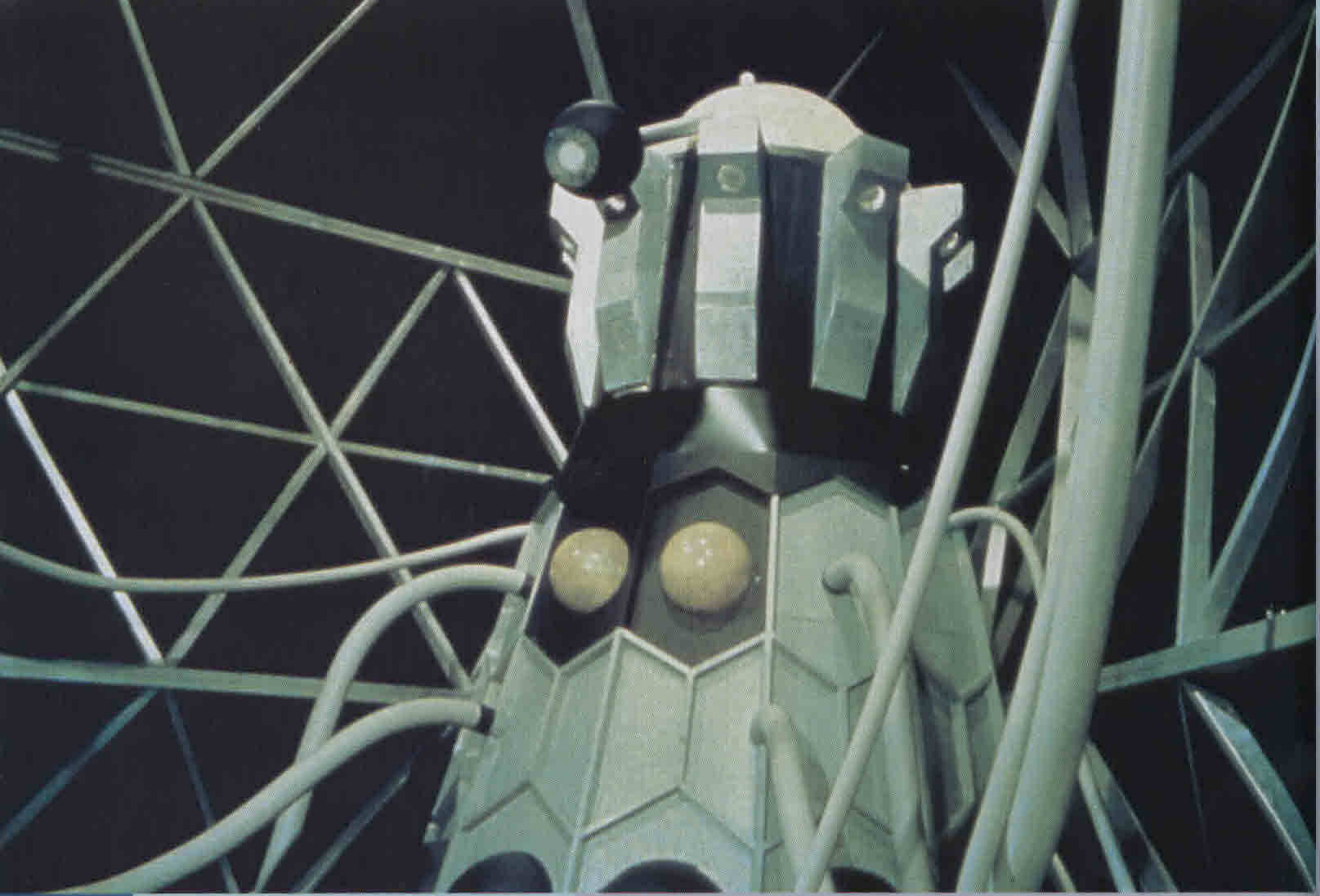
The Doctor, Jamie, Victoria, Kemel, Maxtible and Waterfield are kept locked in a cell, where the Doctor realises that they may have to sacrifice themselves to save humanity. The Daleks set up a demonstration of an iron bar turning into gold, which lures the raving Maxtible through a strange archway. The Victorian scientist turns, zombie-like and speaks harshly: he has become the first victim of the Dalek Factor. Later on, Maxtible enters the cell and hypnotises the Doctor to follow him through the arch so he can reach the TARDIS which has been placed outside the city. This turns the Doctor into a mental Dalek.

The Doctor's conversion is just an act however, and he uses spare Human Factor capsules to switch with those in the archway. The Doctor is brought before the Emperor, who is concerned about the three humanized Daleks in the city which are starting to question orders given by the Black Dalek leaders. The Doctor suggests making all Daleks pass through the archway, re-instilling the Dalek Factor in them.

The Doctor tells Jamie, Kemel and the Waterfields to escape from the cell through the archway, which will not harm them and did not harm the Doctor because he is not human. More Daleks have now been given the Human Factor, and the Doctor brings them into conflict with the Black Daleks. Battles break out across the city, even in the Emperor's chamber.

Waterfield saves the Doctor's life at the cost of his own by blocking a blast from a Black Dalek.

The party in the tunnels is attacked by the deranged Maxtible, who grapples with Kemel, hurling him into an abyss. Maxtible then staggers back to the burning city as the Doctor is getting away into the tunnels. The Doctor catches up with Jamie and Victoria and they make for the TARDIS as the Dalek city perishes in war. The Doctor speaks triumphantly: "The Final End . . ."



Having dispensed with the less popular historical *Doctor Who* adventures, producer Innes Lloyd and story editor Gerry Davis looked for more science-fiction outlines. Although stories involving revenue men, smugglers and gunslingers were not successful, this did not mean that the historical backdrop had to be abandoned. Dennis Spooner's *The Time Meddler* had shown that a mystery set in Earth's past which evolved to be connected with an alien presence was still viable. This would prove to be the setting for the second Dalek story involving Patrick Troughton's Doctor.

Since May 1966, the BBC had been in a variety of discussions regarding the Daleks, right throughout Whitaker's scripting of the Troughton debut story *The Power of the Daleks*. The BBC had agreed to look into a proposal for a filmed television series, *The Daleks*, which would be made by Terry Nation and his company of Lynsted Film Productions Ltd. When Nation completed his obligations on *The Baron*, he completed a pilot script called *The Destroyers* which saw a quartet of Space Security Service agents – Sara Kingdom (from *The Daleks' Master Plan*), her brother David Kingdom, Captain Jason Corey and android Mark Seven – fighting the Daleks on an alien planet, and learning of their plans to invade Earth. The script was submitted by early November 1966, and within a month the BBC had decided that the project was not viable. This did not sit well with Nation, whose company had been preparing to start filming on 12th December 1966, and in the New Year he was to propose selling the same pilot script to one of the American television networks instead – thus taking his creations out of the BBC's hands.

With Terry Nation trying to break free of his science-fiction image in the UK, the late David Whitaker was again asked to craft a conflict between the Doctor and his foes from Skaro. His original synopsis, entitled *Daleks*, was a two-page set of notes dated January 4th, 1967. Whilst very brief, it did contain some major deviations from the finished serial. The TARDIS was stolen by Waterfield (because the Daleks have his daughter, Victoria, hostage) and he then uses his two-man Time Machine to take the Doctor and Jamie back to the year 1880. After encountering the Daleks and learning of their 'three-phase plan', the Doctor is asked by Waterfield to show him how to operate the TARDIS, so that they can travel back to 20,000 BC. Here they encounter a primitive man called Og in a cave, whom they capture and bring forward to 1880 to experiment on. The Doctor is given the task of finding out what makes humanity tick (latterly referred to as the Human Factor) by studying Og, whilst Jamie is taken to Skaro and meets Victoria: a prisoner of the Daleks. The Daleks plan to destroy humanity's instinct in the past where it began, but they are defeated in a battle and the story would have concluded back in Victorian London.

COMPANIONS

At this stage, Ben and Polly were still in the synopses for the first two episodes, whereafter they stayed in present day London (suggesting that at one point the serial was intended for the slot occupied by *The Faceless Ones* in which Anneke Wills and Michael Craze were contracted for only two more episodes). This storyline also retained the character of Anne Waterfield, presumably Victoria's mother. The concept of Daleks adopting human traits and behaviour had been explored by Whitaker before in one of his storylines for *The Daleks* comic strip in *TV Century 21* towards the end of 1966.

With various changes to this basic story, Whitaker was commissioned to deliver a seven-part serial on 24th January, 1967. The naming of the character Victoria was a combination of the time period that she originated from, and the fact that it was the name of Gerry Davis' eldest daughter. It soon evolved that by the time *The Evil of the Daleks* (as the story was now called) would be in production, Polly and Ben would have been written out in the preceeding serial *The Faceless Ones*. Originally it had been hoped that another young female character introduced in Episode 2 of that story, Samantha Briggs, would join the regular cast. However, the actress playing the part, Pauline Collins, did not accept Lloyd's offer of a continuing rôle and the character had to be dropped.

Whitaker's first drafts for Episodes 1 and 2, delivered in early February, had been written using the characters of Polly and Ben, and so rewrites were required using Jamie and the new character, Victoria, who would be developed from the young woman already in Whitaker's original storyline. By early March 1967, the story was firmly in the schedules for the latter end of the fourth recording block, and the revised scripts were delivered in mid-March. The director assigned was Derek Martinus, already experienced on technically demanding serials such as *The Tenth Planet*.

When Whitaker's scripts arrived, each bore a title for the individual episodes as in the Hartnell days of the show: *To Set a Trap . . .* (Episode 1), *The Net Tightens* (Episode 2), *A Trial of Strength* (Episode 3), *A Test of Skill* (Episode 4), *The Human Factor* (Episode 5) and *The End of the Daleks* (Episode 7 – the title for Episode 6 is unknown). Some BBC documentation erroneously refers to the serial simply as *Dr. Who and the Daleks.*

Whitaker's story blended settings akin to the initial Dalek serial on Skaro with a romantic sub-plot (Ruth and Terrall), London of 1867, his fascination with the idea of alchemy and a generous dash of his very simplistic views on science. The serial also introduced a new leader for the Daleks, superior even to the Black Daleks (also known as the Dalek Supremes) which had previously appeared. This was the Emperor Dalek, inspired in part by the golden, sphere-headed Emperor Dalek whom David Whitaker had written for since his comic strips for *The Dalek World* book in 1964. At this time, Whitaker was also busy with his commitments as chairman of the Writers' Guild, and work on a screenplay for *Attack on the Iron Coast*. Because of Nation's desire to launch the Daleks in their own show, it was also decided to structure the serial to effectively 'write out' the Daleks if need be in a final cataclysm.

The Evil of the Daleks Episode 4 was also plotted to allow Patrick Troughton his first holiday from the programme. This meant that all his scenes were to be played out with a single Dalek in one set, and all pre-filmed at Ealing which would mean he was not required in studio or rehearsals for one week.

PRODUCTION CHANGES

At this point, Gerry Davis was moving on from his post as story editor on *Doctor Who* after eighteen months. At first he had been offered the job of producing the show, since Innes Lloyd was keen to leave, but had declined. Instead he set up the much acclaimed drama series *First Lady*, starring Thora Hird. He would leave at the end of May, during production of *The Evil of the Daleks*, and hand over to his successor and assistant, Peter Bryant, whom he recommended to Lloyd as being a suitable producer. Originally, Bryant was to have been the associate producer on the serial, as he had been on *The Faceless Ones.*

Although Davis had done all the preliminary editing with Lloyd and Whitaker, he was credited only for the first three episodes, and Bryant for the last four – although on the scripts both are listed for Episodes 1 to 4, with Bryant only on Episodes 5 to 7. Bryant was in turn replaced as an assistant by actor/writer Victor Pemberton who had appeared in *The Moonbase* and would become full story editor on the subsequent serial *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, which Bryant would produce as a trial piece to see if he could replace Lloyd.

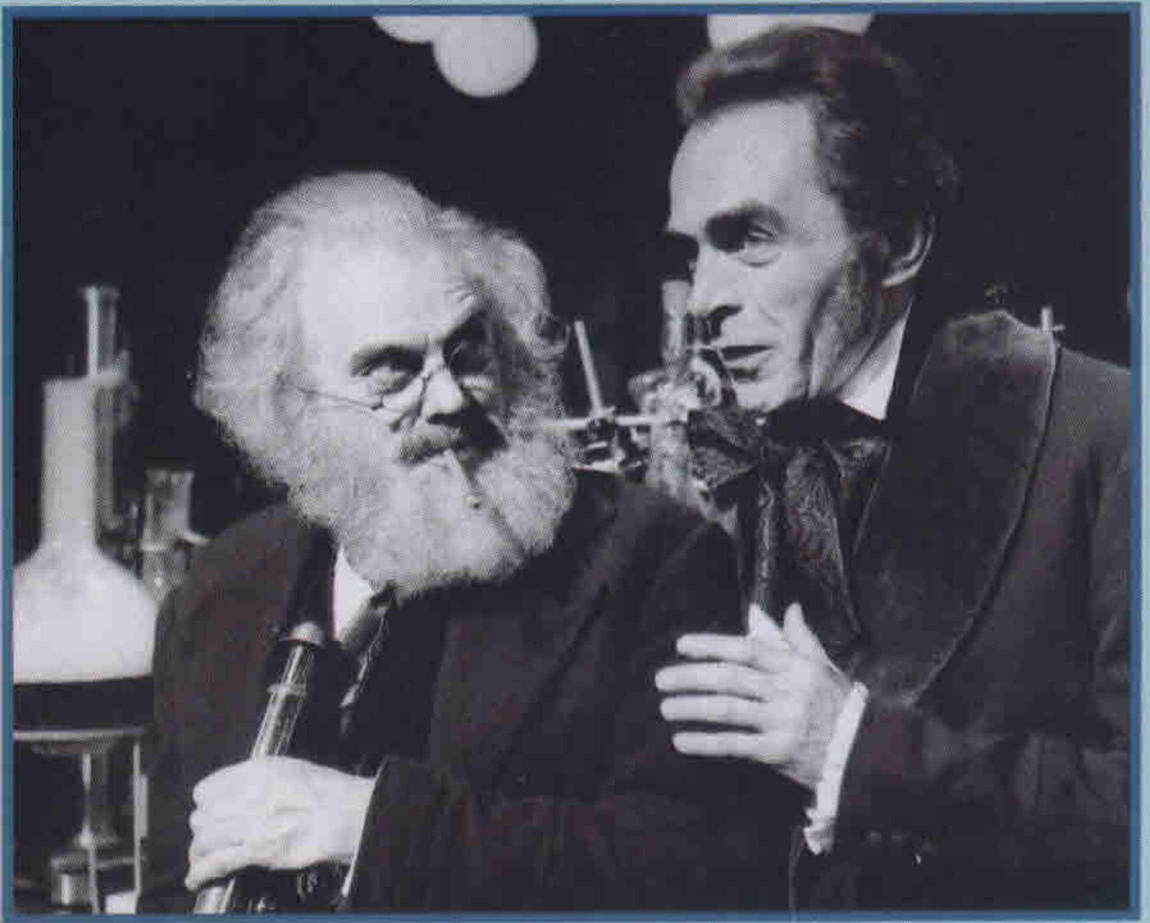
A major requirement for *The Evil of the Daleks* was a new actress to join the regular cast as Victoria, and so the hunt was on for a new rising starlet. Casting began in late March, with two favourites apparently being Paula Challoner and her sister, who had a second interview on Monday 3rd April. The following Monday, six more actresses were seen by Martinus' team: Celestine Randall, Elizabeth Knight, Gabrielle Drake (later of *U.F.O.* and *Crossroads* fame), Tracy Rogers, Lanse Traverse and Denise Buckley. Denise Buckley, a rising actress who had featured in shows such as *The Prisoner*, was offered the part and accepted. However, the deal with Denise fell through, and at least two further actresses were seen: Jo Rowbottom and Deborah Watling. On Thursday 11th April, Lloyd announced that Victoria Waterfield would be played by 19 year-old Deborah Watling.

Born in Loughton in January 1948, Deborah had grown up in a theatrical family – her father, Jack, was a well known character actor. Her first major acting rôle was at the age of nine, when she appeared on a semi-regular basis as Sally in *H.G. Wells' Invisible Man*, an ITP film series. Leaving acting to study, she subsequently did three weeks at a stage school before leaving the course. Shortly afterwards she got the lead rôle in *Alice*, a Dennis Potter play about Lewis Carroll for the BBC, and appeared on the cover of *Radio Times* in 1965. In Spring 1966 she auditioned for the part of Polly, but Lloyd felt that she was too young. After that she appeared in another science-fiction production, an *Out of the Unknown* episode entitled *The World in Silence* in November 1966, as well as an instalment of *No Hiding Place.*

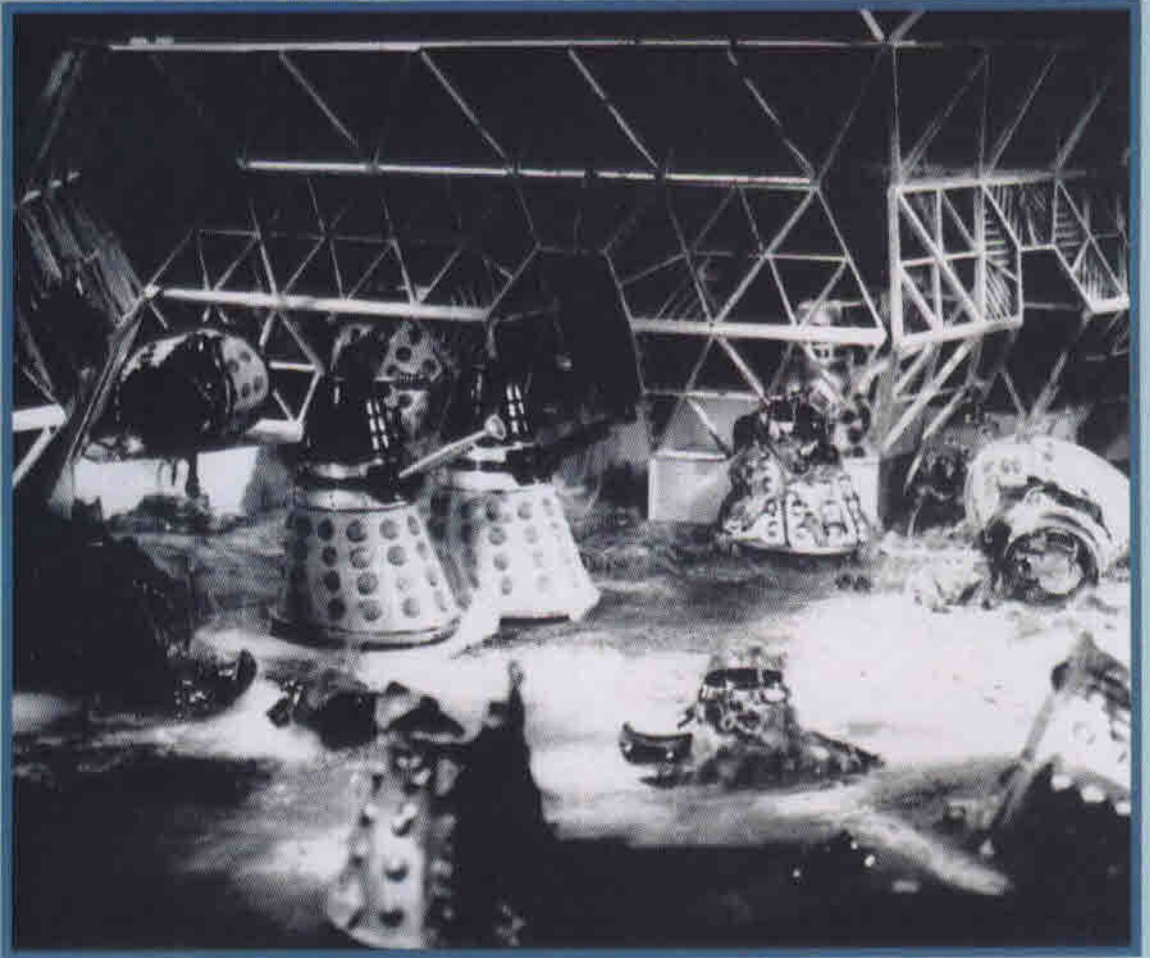
It was the *Radio Times* cover for *Alice* that reminded Davis of Deborah Watling; the actress was then cast by Innes Lloyd shortly before filming began. Lloyd recommended that she should watch the remaining episodes featuring Anneke Wills, and the incoming actress saw that her predecessor seemed to be having a great deal of fun on the show.

Derek Martinus drew up an impressive list of possibles for the guest rôles in *The Evil of the Daleks*, seeking to strengthen the casting on *Doctor Who*. For the part of Theodore Maxtible he considered Lee Montague, Roy Dotrice (later a BAFTA winner and star of *Beauty and the Beast*) and Paul Hardwicke. It was Marius Goring whom Lloyd finally chose to play Maxtible though; an experienced character actor, who had starred in and produced the ITC series *The Scarlet Pimpernel* back in 1954 – a series that also featured Patrick Troughton in a semi-regular rôle. Goring would later gain success as the pathologist hero Dr John Hardy in *The Expert*. Although Martinus was at first nervous of working with such an esteemed actor, the director soon found that Goring was eager to launch himself into the eccentric part of Maxtible. Innes Lloyd however had also liked the idea of Patrick Wymark (famous from *The Plane Makers* and *The Power Game*) taking on this rôle.

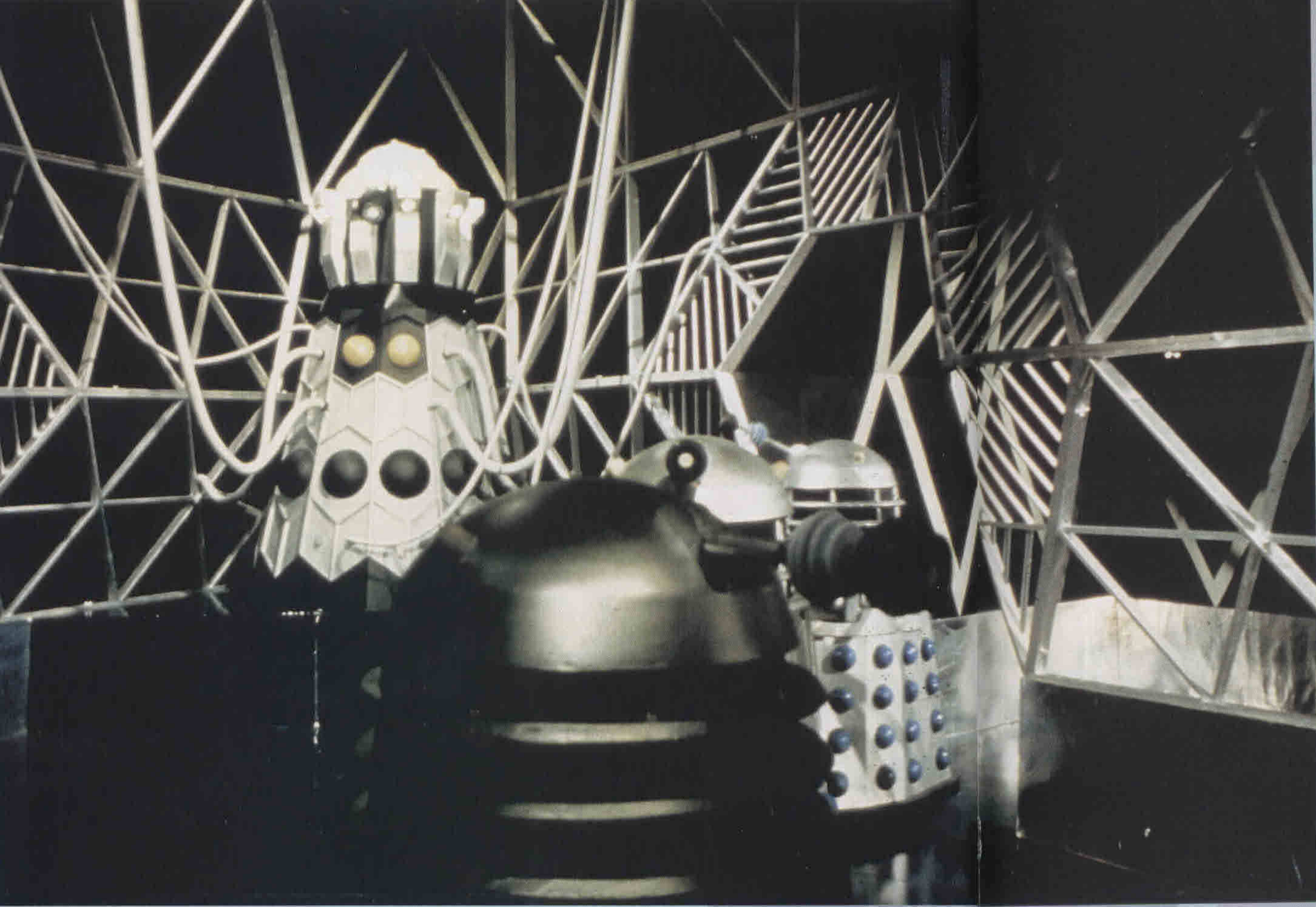
Other choices for Waterfield apart from the late John Bailey (who had played the Commander in *The Sensorites: A Desperate Venture* and would later be Sezom in *The Horns of Nimon*) were Maurice Denham and the late Hugh Burden (who were both ►



Theodore Maxtible (Marius Goring) and Edward Waterfield (John Bailey) discover that they may have bitten off more than they can chew by dealing with the Daleks. Photo © BBC



The aftermath of the war of the Daleks. Photo © BBC



The Emperor begins to find his orders being questioned. Photo © BBC

◄ later to appear in the series in *The Twin Dilemma* and Martinus' *Spearhead from Space* respectively). Robert Cartland (from *Galaxy 4* and *Mission to the Unknown*), Paul Dawkins and Christopher Benjamin (who appeared in *Inferno* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) lost out to Windsor Davies for the part of Toby. The late James Beck (who would find sitcom fame in *Dad's Army* and *Romany Jones*) was considered as the shady Kennedy, whilst John Carlin was listed for Perry. Carole Mowlam (later to star in *Freewheelers*), Lucy Fleming (of *Survivors*) and Marty Cruikshank were also in the running as Molly Dawson. Isobel Black (daughter of writer Ian Stuart Black) was a potential Ruth Maxtible, with Barrie Ingham (from *The Myth Makers*) and John Kelland listed as her fiancé Arthur Terrall. Finally, tall actor John Maxim, who had been Frankenstein's Monster in *The Chase: Journey into Terror*, was also a possible for the strong, silent Kemel, but the rôle went to giant Sonny Caldinez, who had been a walk-on in *The Crusades* and would later be well known as various Ice Warriors between 1967 and 1974.

For the setting of Maxtible's Victorian house Martinus' team settled upon the Grim's Dyke Mansion House, then used as a rehabilitation centre on Old Redding Road, Harrow Weald, on the outskirts of London. The Mansion House, built in 1875 by Norman Shaw, later became the home of Sir William Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan fame. It had already featured extensively as the setting for a two-part story of *The Saint: The Fiction Makers*, filmed in May 1966, and would also play host to various episodes of *The Champions* shortly after its use by the *Doctor Who* team.

Location shooting on 35mm film started at Grim's Dyke on Thursday 20th April 1967. Done first were the two sequences with Kennedy in a field for Episode 1, with actor Griffith Davies supposedly listening in on the conversation in the fuel office, and subsequently watching the Doctor and Jamie through binoculars before radioing in a report to Waterfield.

Unusually, the rest of the filming was conducted inside the Manor House location. The afternoon was then devoted to shooting the scenes set in the corridors and balconies of Maxtible's house with Victoria being moved by two Daleks in Episode 3.

The filming on Friday 21st began at the newly constructed hangars owned by Metal Box at the end of Kendal Avenue in North London. This concerned the scenes at Gatwick Airport for the opening episode. The morning scenes were all those which did not require Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines, who were rehearsing *The Faceless Ones* Episode 4 at the time. With the arrival of the two stars in the afternoon, the rest of the material was completed, also involving actor Alec Ross as Bob Hall and extra Len Russell. This included the Doctor and Jamie running after a lorry bearing the legend 'Leatherman' ('Leatherbarrow' in the script) driving away with the TARDIS, prior to their return to the transport fuel office. The duo then followed Hall past petrol pumps, and watched him drive off from outside an airport hangar, hailing a taxi so that they could follow him. After these scenes, the film crew moved to Warehouse Lane in North London, to film the sequence in which the Doctor and Jamie's taxi leaves them in a lane by the arch of a railway bridge, close to the warehouse outside which Hall's Ford Anglia estate was parked.

Filming resumed at Grim's Dyke Mansion House on Monday 24th April 1967, including a photocall for Deborah Watling in her crinoline costume in the hotel's gardens and by its lake. The bulk of this day was devoted to shooting the fight sequences that bridged Episodes 3 and 4 in the Minstrel Gallery. This required Frazer Hines (now missing rehearsals for *The Faceless Ones* Episode 5), Deborah Watling and Sonny Caldinez. The Dalek operators for the serial were again led by Robert Jewell and Gerald Taylor; veterans since their debut in 1963. Whilst the house was ideal and offered suitable interiors for filming, the design team had to construct small ramps to allow the Daleks to move over the door sills around the building. Having found the Daleks difficult to direct in *Mission to the Unknown*, Martinus elected to keep them hidden in the shadows as much as possible.

After the scene where Victoria was made to shout in Episode 3, the main action was of Kemel and Jamie fighting the Daleks guarding Victoria's room. A small mini-Dalek prop was used in some shots to increase the sense of distance from the balcony to the ground, and another was rigged to emit smoke from its dome when hurled into the fireplace. This sequence bridged Episodes 4 and 5, and at the same time some specially posed publicity shots of a Dalek advancing on Jamie and Victoria were taken.

The final day at the Manor House was Tuesday 25th, necessitating night filming for the fight between Jamie and Kemel. Veteran stunt expert Peter Diamond arranged the battle between them for the end of Episode 3 and the start of Episode 4. The sets used were the corridors and stairs of the south wing of Maxtible's house, plus the bare room in which Victoria was held prisoner for the scenes where Kemel fell from the window and Jamie rescued him. The part of the fight with Kemel in which Jamie was lifted off the floor caused concern for Frazer Hines, who asked Martinus not to shoot from any angles that would reveal what was under his kilt . . . It was also on this night that two specific photographs were taken on location: one of Maxtible's house at 11.30pm, and a second of Deborah Watling in costume which designer Chris Thompson could enlarge and paint over to form a portrait of Waterfield's late wife.

AT EALING

Filming started on Stages 3A and 3B of Ealing Television Film Studios on Wednesday 26th, with all the model shots of the Dalek city and a Dalek crossing a canyon being shot in the afternoon. The balsa wood model built of the Skaro city was seen in Episode 6, just prior to the scene of the Doctor, Jamie and Waterfield standing on the sandy, rocky area of the planet's surface. Surrounded by dry-ice fog, this was subsequently rigged to explode and catch fire in the closing moments of Episode 7. The canyon shots showed a Louis Marx toy Dalek crossing and later falling into the abyss in Episode 6 when the Doctor saw through the fake Omega.

Thursday 27th saw two sequences shot at Ealing. The morning required Sonny Caldinez to do short inserts for the fight sequence at the start of Episode 4, hanging from the window of Maxtible's house. The afternoon was spent on a model shot of a Dalek being hurled through the balcony railing of the Minstrel's Gallery, also for Episode 4.

Further model shooting with about fifteen Louis Marx Daleks was done for the destruction scenes in a model of the Emperor's chamber for the final instalment. The 6½ inch Daleks were painted to resemble their lifesize counterparts, and blown up with packets of goo inside them as well as melted to the floor by charges. All the model shots were shot on silent 16mm film.

Another set constructed at Ealing was the computer room where the Doctor and a Dalek monitored all of Jamie's progress throughout Episode 4. Visual Effects provided both alien and Victorian equipment, including the ticker-tape machine on which the attributes of the Human Factor were recorded.

The main battle scene between the Daleks was set in the Emperor's control room: a large, open set made from white lattice framework walls against a black cyclorama backdrop. The Emperor Dalek was a fixed wooden prop, fifteen feet in height, with the head and eye-stalk worked by an internal operator. Lights were set into the casing, particularly around the domed head. Another photocall for Deborah Watling was arranged on the spectacular set.

A total of five working Dalek casings were available for the serial, although these only appeared together in the climax of Episode 7. These were a combination of the body parts made for the first two Dalek serials (and modified ever since), plus some casing elements made by Shawcraft for the 1965 stage play *The Curse of the Daleks*. The Daleks also had domes that could be switched around to show the difference between the normal Daleks and the Black Daleks in Episodes 6 and 7. Two working Daleks were used for the location filming and at Ealing, with a third casing in a poor state of repair joining for the battle scenes.

It was with this serial that the BBC Visual Effects department took on full responsibility for handling *Doctor Who*'s special effects. After working on the pilot version of *An Unearthly Child*, it had been decided that the series would be a vast drain on the small Visual Effects team, so the job of creating effects was left to set designers (hence Ray Cusick designing the Daleks). Ever since *The Macra Terror*, the Visual Effects team had been handling odd special requirements, but it was the battle in the city of Skaro that closed *The Evil of the Daleks* (which they also referred to erroneously as *War of the Daleks*), they got their first intensive work on the programme.

Peter Day and Michaeljohn Harris' team from Visual Effects constructed additional lightweight Dalek casings for the Ealing sequences, generally for shots requiring explosions. Made from balsa-wood and polystyrene, these could have pyrotechnic charges detonated and then green foam could be pumped through them. A less detailed balsa-wood version of the Emperor Dalek was also made for the final shot of it being blown up, again on the Ealing sound stage. This also had removable panels on its casing, and fake pieces of metal machinery and wires inside it – as with some of the exploding dummy Daleks. The foam goo almost caused a strike with the Ealing stage hands afterwards who were reluctant to clear up the mess.

Because of the various pressures involved in the complex serial, production assistant Timothy Combe helped relieve some of the burden on Martinus by overseeing the direction of the battle scenes – the last two days at Ealing. This was Combe's first chance to do any directing, and he worked closely with Visual Effects to make the battle scenes as spectacular as possible, using two silent 35mm cameras to speed up the time to film the required material. Combe later directed *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and *The Mind of Evil*. He is now a theatrical agent, counting former Sixties companion the late Jacqueline Hill amongst his clients.

The final day of filming included the destruction of the Dalek Emperor dummy, and suddenly a message came down the line from Head of Drama Sydney Newman that the Daleks should not be *totally* destroyed – some trace of a heartbeat or pulse should remain. Newman's message was passed down to Combe (via Innes Lloyd and Head of Serials Shaun Sutton). The final huge explosion was detonated, and it seemed as if all life in the Dalek Emperor was extinguished. But as shooting continued through the smoke, the light mechanism in the casing faded back into life. Sound effects added later by Brian Hodgson included some vicious burning noises: created by pouring cold water on hot metal.

MUSIC

Dudley Simpson scored the serial and provided just under an hour of music in total. This was played by the Alec Firman ensemble, under Simpson's direction. A notable piece of music was recorded to indicate the presence of a Dalek. This electronic composition was based around the central beat of Ron Grainer's theme tune, and was realised on a monophonic synthesiser. Victoria was also given a very gentle woodwind theme for several of the scenes where she was a prisoner of the Daleks.

All seven episodes were recorded at Lime Grove ►

◄ Studio D. The opening instalment was taped on the evening of Saturday 13th May 1967, exactly a week in advance of transmission. Each of the seven programmes were recorded in sequence on 405 line videotape, with some such as Episode 1 having no recording breaks scheduled. *The Evil of the Daleks* Episode 1 was the first instalment of *Doctor Who* where the opening caption slides (serial title, writer, episode number) were superimposed over the title sequence as opposed to being shown over the action, a reprise or as part of a special graphics sequence (e.g. *The War Machines*).

Aside from the sets of the transport fuel office, *Tricolour* coffee bar, warehouse interior and the door to the warehouse (all of which appeared in Episode 1 only), the main group of linked sets were of those at Waterfield's Antique Shop. These were Waterfield's study, which was connected to both a corridor in which Kennedy eavesdropped, and also the inner room where the Daleks' time machine operated. This inner room was hidden behind a bookcase with a sliding mechanism operated by stagehands. The safe was constructed without a back, allowing Martinus to have a camera shot from inside of Kennedy opening it.

The appearance of the Daleks in the time/space machine was achieved by cross-fading between two camera images: one showing a slide caption of the empty set, and another with the Dalek in place in the machine, exactly lined up to the photographic shot. For the first time, a Dalek was voiced by Roy Skelton – a vocal artiste and actor who would become one of the main Dalek voices up to *Remembrance of the Daleks* in 1988. Skelton's previous voices on the show had been those of Monoids and Cybermen in *The Ark* and *The Tenth Planet* respectively.

In addition to Simpson's incidental score, three tracks of music were used in Episode 1. In the fuel office, Hall's radio was blaring out around fourteen seconds of *Youngbeat* by the BBC Orchestra. The two scenes set in *The Tricolour* coffee bar also required music from the previous summer (i.e. 20th July 1966 as established in *The Faceless Ones* Episode 6) to be played on the juke box. In the first scene, one minute was used of *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen* by The Seekers. The second scene was backed by one minute forty-five seconds of Lennon/McCartney's *Paperback Writer* sung by the Beatles. Sound effects were also used for the train passing near the warehouse which startled Jamie.

The final script kept close to the continuity of the preceeding serial in terms of references to the Commandant at Gatwick Airport, and also Jamie wondering if it was the Chameleons who had stolen the TARDIS. Black and white photographs of Troughton and Hines had been taken on location for the serial, and these were the shots given to Perry to help him identify 'Doctor Galloway' and his secretary 'James McCrimmon' at *The Tricolour*.

Radio Times heralded the new serial with a half-page preview entitled 'It's Those Daleks Again'. The article was effectively an interview with John Scott Martin, who was already making a name of himself as a Dalek operator, a rôle he had first taken on in *The Chase*. The photographer used with the piece was one of Jamie, Victoria and a Dalek taken at Grim's Dyke. *The Evil of the Daleks* closed Season Four of *Doctor Who*, and was transmitted over seven consecutive Saturday evenings from 20th May 1967. Although the general slot allocated was 5.45pm, Episode 1 was shown at the later time of 6.00pm due to BBC1's coverage of the FA Cup.

Despite losing out the chance to become the Doctor's new companion, Jo Rowbottom was cast as the young Victorian maid Mollie Dawson, and would go on to find fame in the sitcom *Romany Jones*. The main Dalek voice artiste for the serial was Peter Hawkins, again one of the original Dalek team from 1963. Hawkins had dubbed the bulk of the filmed material and, like Rowbottom, joined the serial for Episode 2.

A BBC photocall was arranged for the taping of Episode 2 on Saturday 20th May. This instalment began with a reprise of a Dalek discovering Kennedy at the end of Episode 1, taken from a telerecording of the previous week's episode. As usual, over-exposing the camera was the method adopted to show the Daleks' extermination ray, as seen when Kennedy was gunned down in the first scene of Episode 2 (Griffith Davies' only distinct action of the evening, after which he played a corpse). The Dalek then vanished, as later did Waterfield, Jamie and the Doctor, again by a cross-fade between the occupied set and a caption-slide. However, on this last occasion, the Dalek transportation device also faded out of existence.

The episode also required other cutaway shots from the main set for specific close-ups. An example of this in Episode 2 was where the Doctor picked up a torn half of his own photograph from Kennedy's body. Whilst Troughton did this in the study set, another camera showed a close-up of a similar torn photograph held in extra Barry Ashton's hand from the inner room set (a close-up on the one held by Troughton being impractical because of the camera angles and set designs).

The special portrait of the late Mrs. Waterfield, which hung over the fireplace in Maxtible's sitting room, appeared in Episode 2. The open doors to the garden in the sitting room meant that countryside sounds were played from tape into the studio, and likewise the birds that Victoria fed were never seen on camera, and were represented only by sound effects.

Michaeljohn Harris provided a variety of special props for the episode, including the box with interior mechanism left by Waterfield to gas the Doctor and Jamie (by means of emitting dry-ice fumes), and also the weighing machine which the Daleks forced the imprisoned Victoria to use. This latter prop had various flashing lights, and an illuminated set of figures on a nearby wall panel.

The cabinet of mirrors through which the Daleks emerged into Maxtible's work room was a cupboard prop with a false back, and a few mirrors placed just inside its entrance. The arched double doors were hinged to open both ways, allowing the Dalek operator to push them open when moving in or out of the cabinet.

Although Episode 1 had been scheduled for continuous recording, Episode 2 was allocated two breaks. The first of these was at the end of the 1966 sequence, with Perry and the policeman entering the study. The second came between the shot of the Doctor and Maxtible outside the door of the laboratory, and the scene in which they actually entered the workroom. For the final scene, two Daleks were required to appear briefly in Maxtible's work room. To avoid hiring an operator, a second casing was placed, unoccupied on the set, and the camera angle used disguised the fact that its dome lights did not flash when Peter Hawkins spoke its lines.

The transmission of Episode 1 met with a complaint from Terry Nation's agent – his client had not been credited with creation of the Daleks (a similar complaint had previously been made regarding *The Power of the Daleks*). This was remedied for the remaining five episodes in production, and the continuity announcer read the appropriate credit over the closing titles to the completed Episode 2 when it was transmitted the following week.

Saturday 27th May saw the recording of Episode 3. In the reprise from Episode 2, the scene between the two Daleks was newly recorded, this time with Gerald Taylor inside the second casing. This was the only episode to feature an exterior shot of Maxtible's mansion: a photo caption of the Grim's Dyke Hotel lit so as to appear at night shown just prior to the scene in which Mollie showed Jamie the plan of the house, he would use in his attempt to rescue Victoria.

Special lighting effects gave the impression of candle-light for the short scene in which Maxtible showed Kemel the hidden metal spikes that formed a trap at the dark alcove door to the south wing, and also the later sequences with Jamie and Mollie later that night. The recording break for the evening came after the scene between Arthur Terrall and Toby in the stables, whereafter the photo caption of the Grim's Dyke Manor House at night time was shown to establish the passage of time at Maxtible's house. The stable on Maxtible's estate was devoid of horses, and the illusion of equestrian life was produced by means of sound effects.

A series of special props was created for Sonny Caldinez to use in the scenes where Maxtible tested Kemel's strength for the benefit of the watching Daleks. The giant was thus able to bend a metal bar with his bare hands, and shatter a plank with a single blow from the hand.

NO TROUGHTON

Episode 4 of *The Evil of the Daleks* was in studio on Saturday 3rd June, without either Patrick Troughton (who was on holiday) or Deborah Watling, whose only scene had been pre-filmed. Only one Dalek operated by Robert Jewell was required for the studio work on this instalment, and Windsor Davies was also hired, although he just played Toby's corpse (the character having been exterminated towards the end of Episode 3).

Episode 5 was recorded on Saturday 10th June, with John Scott Martin joining Jewell and Taylor in studio to operate the third of the Doctor's three test Daleks. Again, Peter Diamond was on hand to choreograph the sword fight between Frazer Hines and Gary Watson. A brief recording break was scheduled at the start of first scene in Maxtible's workroom as the Doctor and Waterfield discussed the night's events and their work.

Some special props required for the instalment included some small magnetised objects that could be picked up by the steel of one of Arthur Terrall's swords, indicating to the Doctor that the man was charged with static electricity. Peter Hawkins' pre-recorded Dalek voice was also echoed by multiple recording for the word "Obey!" in Terrall's head as he had another mental attack. From Episode 5, the casting of the Dalek voices was stricter than usual. Hawkins, who up to that point had voiced all the Daleks aside from the one in Episode 1, played two of the three test Daleks: Alpha and Omega. Beta was voiced by Roy Skelton.

The taping of Episode 6 took place on 17th June. Three recording breaks were scheduled for the instalment, coming after the final 1866 scene in the workshop; after the tunnel scene where the Doctor overpowered the fake Omega; and just prior to the final scene in the Emperor Dalek's control room. The lighting in the control room, as with the filming at Ealing, was very subdued. A pool of light was used to suddenly illuminate the Emperor Dalek, which was initially hidden in the darkness. A fourth Dalek was operated by Murphy Grumbar who, as Peter Murphy, had been a Dalek in *The Daleks*, *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* and *The Space Museum: The Final Phase*.

The appearance of the three tame Daleks: Alpha, Beta and Omega was a particular point of dismay for Terry Nation. Nation had always envisaged his creations as pure, ruthless evil, and the idea of making them sweet and friendly only strengthened his feeling that other writers simply did not know how to write for Daleks.

The voice of the Dalek Emperor was provided by Roy Skelton, whose pre-recorded speech was overlayed on itself several times to give the booming, echoing effect. Continuity was also maintained both inside and outside the Dalek city with sound effects taken from the Radiophonic Workshop's tapes of noises for *The Daleks* and *The Daleks' Master Plan*.

To promote Episode 6, *Radio Times* printed an article about Marius Goring's appearance on *Doctor Who* entitled 'On the Side of the Daleks'. Goring revealed that when the serial was completed he aimed to return to stage acting, and a photograph of him from an earlier episode was printed.

The Evil of the Daleks completed recording with Episode 7 on 24th June 1967, with an extra half-hour studio taping: starting at 8.15pm instead of 8.30pm, and running up to 10pm. All five working Dalek casings were used for this episode, and although the exchangeable domes were again used, there were generally two Black Daleks and three standard silver Daleks. One of these was a Dalek extra inhabited by Ken Tyllsen, who had also worked on *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*.

Two recording breaks were scheduled, the first after the scene between the converted Maxtible, the Emperor and a Black Dalek, and the second during the scene in which the Doctor helps his friends to escape from the cell via the disabled archway. When Maxtible passed through the archway and became imbued with the Dalek Factor, the image of him was seen to ripple and distort on screen by means of an inlay effect.

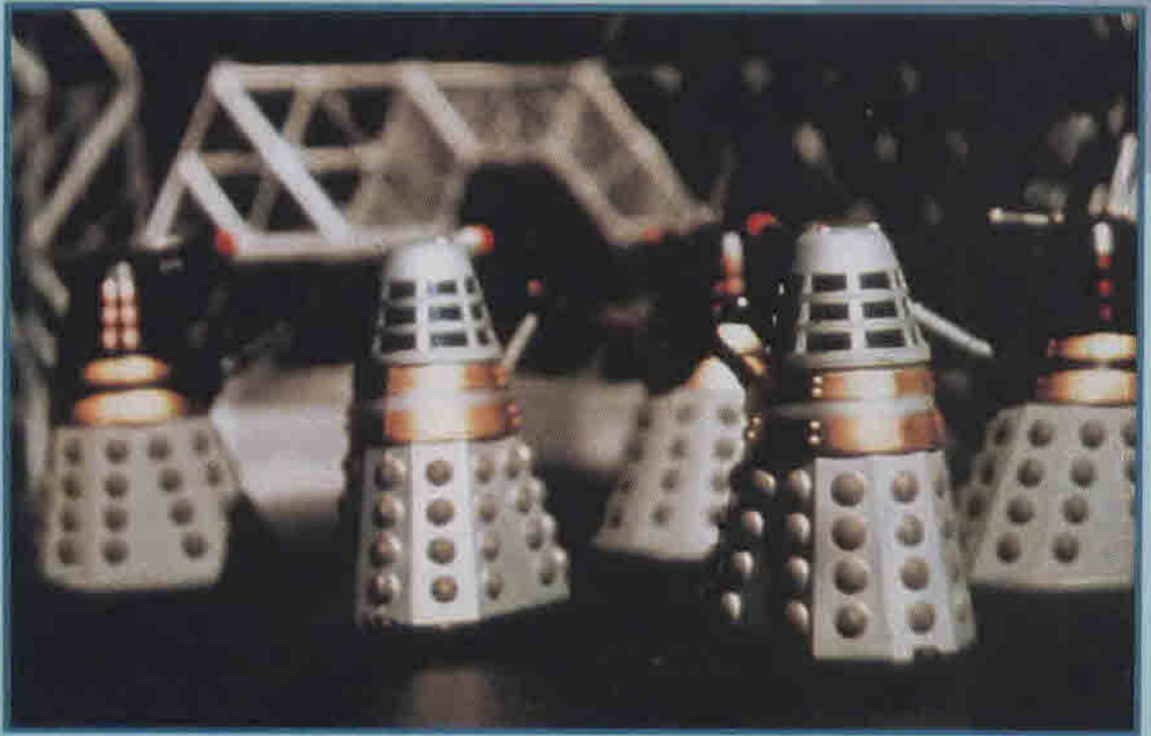
One short sequence which was lost from the final episode was that of a Dalek going out of control and careering through glass tubes and bottles. Unfortunately, clumsy handling of these props during rehearsals had meant that the delicate glassware had already been broken long before the Dalek got chance to do its scene.

Sections of the distinctive lattice-work walls seen in the Emperor's control room were also re-arranged and used to form doorways and walls for other sets in the city of Skaro, notably the cell in which the Doctor and his friends were held and the weapons shop where the archway was assembled, and later a Dalek was to question a Black Dalek order. Careful lighting was again needed so that other sets were not visible through these partial walls.

The final episode ended Season Four a week later, transmitted at the later time of 6.25pm because of live coverage of tennis from Wimbledon.

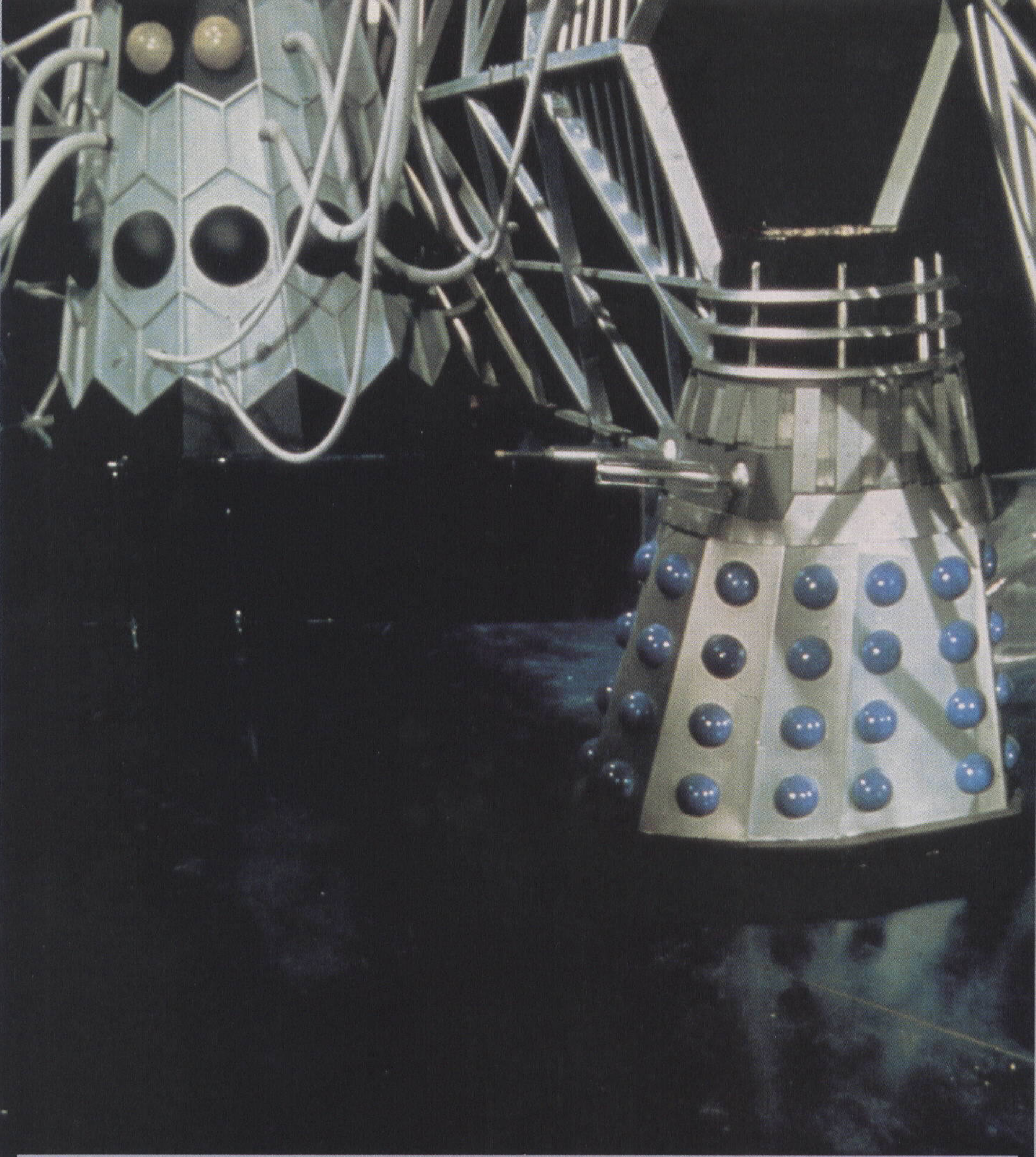
The Evil of the Daleks was to be the one of the last appearances for Robert Jewell, the principle Dalek operator. He only made one further appearance in such a capacity (during the trial scenes of *The War Games* Episode Ten), before retiring to Australia.

The ratings for *The Evil of the Daleks* were just lower than those for *The Faceless Ones*. In opposition on the ITV network were Hughie Green's talent showcase *Opportunity Knocks* on ATV, western comedy in *F Troop* on ABC and more western adventure with Chuck Connors in *The Rifleman* on Southern. A BBC Audience Research Report was conducted for Episode 7, and found that the episode had 12.1% of the audience watching, whilst ITV trailed just behind with 11.9%. Viewers' comments also indicated that Patrick Troughton was now far more accepted as the Doctor than ►



Small toy Daleks were used in the visual effects sequences of Episode 7. Photo © BBC

Tim Combe got his first directing assignment during the making of *The Evil of the Daleks*. Photo © BBC



before – although many still felt the stories were too whimsical.

The Evil of the Daleks was sold to Australia in October 1967, and the Australian Film Censorship Board passed it with a 'G' rating without cuts. A few years later the serial arrived in New Zeland, where it began *Doctor Who*'s fifth season in the summer of 1970.

This was to be the final full Dalek serial on *Doctor Who* for over four years. Although Terry Nation was approached in December 1967 regarding the possibility of using the Daleks alongside the Cybermen in a story, nothing came of the idea. It was generally accepted that Nation wished to remove the Daleks from *Doctor Who* and was still trying to sell *The Destroyers* script in the US.

The Evil of the Daleks was felt to be successful enough for a repeat the following year, bridging the summer gap between *The Wheel in Space* and *The Dominators*. It was the first complete serial to be repeated, and was integrated with the continuing narrative of *Doctor Who* to connect Seasons Five and Six in a unique way. At the end of *The Wheel in Space* Episode 6, the Doctor projected his thought

patterns onto the TARDIS scanner to show the new companion, Zoe, the sort of thing she might be in for. The image conjured up was a twenty-second sequence of Kennedy being confronted and killed by a Dalek at the start of *The Evil of the Daleks* Episode 2. This then led into the re-run as a story for Zoe.

For this repeat transmission, the seven episodes were retaped onto 625 line videotape from the 405 line masters, since *Doctor Who* had switched to the higher definition for taping and transmission with *The Enemy of the World* Episode 3. The main change that was made was the addition of voice-overs to *The Evil of the Daleks* Episode 1. Over the opening telecine sequence, the Doctor was heard saying "Now as I remember Zoe, it all started when Jamie and I discovered somebody making off with the TARDIS." "But what about those Daleks you showed me?" asked Zoe. "Coming to that Zoe," replied the Doctor, "Just let me show you the story from the beginning."

Radio Times publicised the repeat by devoting their colour back-page photo montage to *Doctor Who*, under the title *'Dr. Who* and his deadliest foes, the Daleks'. The two photographs were a close-up of the Doctor from *The Ice Warriors*, and a shot taken at Ealing during filming for *The Evil of the Daleks* showing two black Daleks and a white Dalek on a street backlot. The programme listing for Episode 1 also included artwork of three Daleks by Reinganum, while the one for Episode 3 had a monochrome still of Maxtible.

The episodes went out at 5.15pm, the usual transmission slot for the end of Season Five and most of Season Six. There was however a three week break between Episodes 3 and 4, since Saturdays 29th June and 6th July had extended sports coverage of Wimbledon's tennis tournament. The subsequent serial, *The Dominators* opened with dialogue in Episode 1 indicating that the Doctor was tired after generating the thought patterns needed for the repeated serial. The repeat of Episode 4 was also hit by a technical fault towards the end of transmission which resulted in a loss of the programme for a short while – during which some music was played.

The Evil of the Daleks had its master videotapes and copies wiped a few years after broadcast, and the overseas 16mm telerecordings were destroyed as their marketable life had been deemed to be over. Although rumours of Episode 2's existence had begun in 1985 it was not until mid-1987 that the 16mm telerecording was returned from a private collector (who had apparently purchased it in a car boot sale in Buckinghamshire) to the BBC Film and Videotape Archive. The print was in generally excellent condition, with just a couple of jumps during the closing credits.

The story had not been novelised due to copyright clearances with Terry Nation (although Terrance Dicks was approached to do the job in 1979). After many years, John Peel finally secured permission to adapt Whitaker's scripts for Virgin Books, with publication due in August 1993.

In July 1992, *The Evil of the Daleks* was released to the public in two forms. BBC Video issued Episode 2 as one of three episodes on *Daleks – The Early Years*. Meanwhile the serial's soundtrack was released on a two-cassette set by the BBC Audio Collection as *Doctor Who – The Missing Stories: The Evil of the Daleks*. Using audiotapes recorded in 1967 (apart from Episode 2 which came from the recovered episode), these were given new opening and closing theme tunes, and explanatory narration from Tom Baker over the sequences with little dialogue. There were however cuts made to Episode 1: both the scenes in *The Tricolour* were omitted since they included background music that could not be cleared for commercial release (approximately two minutes forty seconds being lost).

Andrew Pixley

THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS
SERIAL LL
CAST

Patrick Troughton *(Doctor Who)* and Marius Goring *(Theodore Maxtible)* [2-7] with John Bailey *(Edward Waterfield)* and Frazer Hines *(Jamie)* with Alec Ross *(Bob Hall)* [1], Griffith Davies *(Kennedy)* [1-2], Geoffrey Colvile *(Perry)* [1-2], Robert Jewell *(Dalek)*, Roy Skelton *(Dalek Voice)* [1,5-7], Jo Rowbottom *(Mollie Dawson)* [2-5], Deborah Watling *(Victoria Waterfield)* [2-7], Brigit Forsyth *(Ruth Maxtible)* [2-5], Windsor Davies *(Toby)* [2-4], Peter Hawkins *(Dalek Voice)* [2-7], Gerald Taylor *(Dalek)* [3-7], Gary Watson *(Arthur Terrall)* [3-5], Sonny Caldinez *(Kemel)* [3-7]; John Scott Martin [5-7], Murphy Grumber [6-7] *(Daleks)*.

EXTRAS

Len Russell *(Lorry Driver)*; Petal Brown, Gillian Toll *(Girls in Mini Kilts)*; Tova Johannessen, Pat Macauley, Judy Nicols, Michael Brown, Bob Wilyman, John Hanson *(Customers at Tricolour)*; Barry Ashton *(Double for Doctor Who/Policeman at Antique Shop)*; Ken Tyllsen *(Dalek)*; Wendy Padbury *(Voice of Zoe)*†.

†Repeat version of Episode 1 only.

CREDITS

Written by David Whitaker. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental Music by Dudley Simpson. Dalek Stories created by Terry Nation [2-7]. Story Editors: Gerry Davis [1-3], Peter Bryant [4-7]. Costumes: Sandra Reid [7]. Make-Up; Gillian James [7]. Lighting: Wally Whitmore [7]. Sound: Bryan Forgham [7]. Film Camerman: John Baker [7]. Visual Effects: Michael John Harris and Peter Day [7]. Designer: Chris Thompson. Producer: Innes Lloyd. Directed by Derek Martinus.

BROADCAST DETAILS

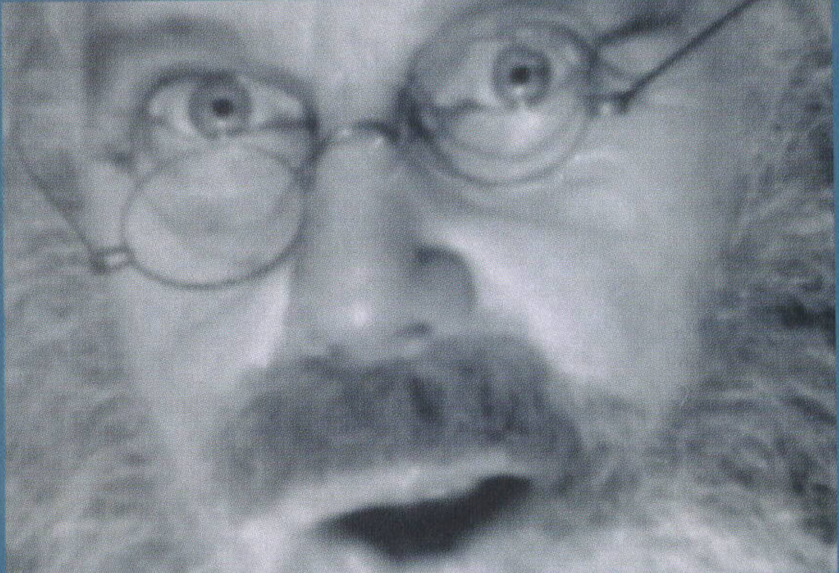
Episode 1	20th May, 1967	6.00pm – 6.25pm
Episode 2	27th May, 1967	5.50pm – 6.15pm
Episode 3	3rd June, 1967	5.45pm – 6.10pm
Episode 4	10th June, 1967	5.45pm – 6.10pm
Episode 5	17th June, 1967	5.45pm – 6.10pm
Episode 6	17th June, 1967	5.45pm – 6.10pm
Episode 7	1st July, 1967	6.25pm – 6.50pm

Repeats

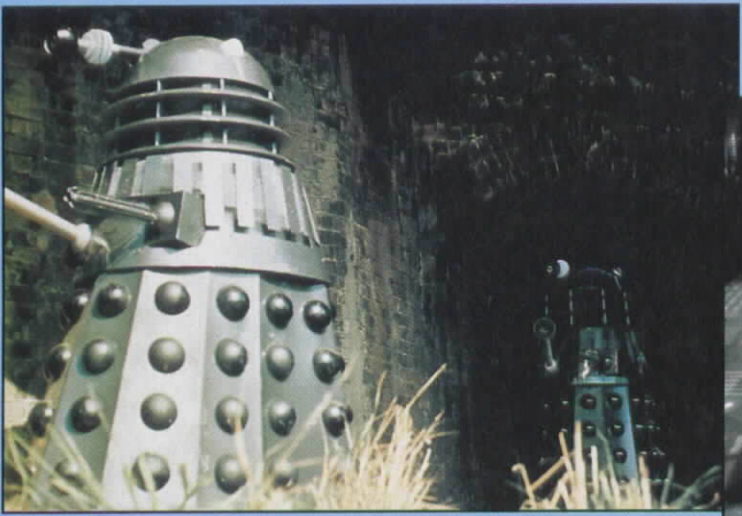
Episode 1	8th June, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 2	15th June, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 3	22nd June, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 4	13th July, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 5	20th July, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 6	27th July, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 7	3rd August, 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm

Viewing Figures:
Episode 1: 8.1M (37th), Episode 2: 7.5M (37th), Episode 3: 6.1M (61st), Episode 4: 5.3M (51st), Episode 5: 5.1M (62nd), Episode 6: 6.8M (38th), Episode 7: 6.1M (50th).
Repeats: 6.3M (31st), 5.0M (63rd), 6.3M (49th), 5.0M (68th), 5.1M (67th), 4.2M (74th), 5.5M (57th).

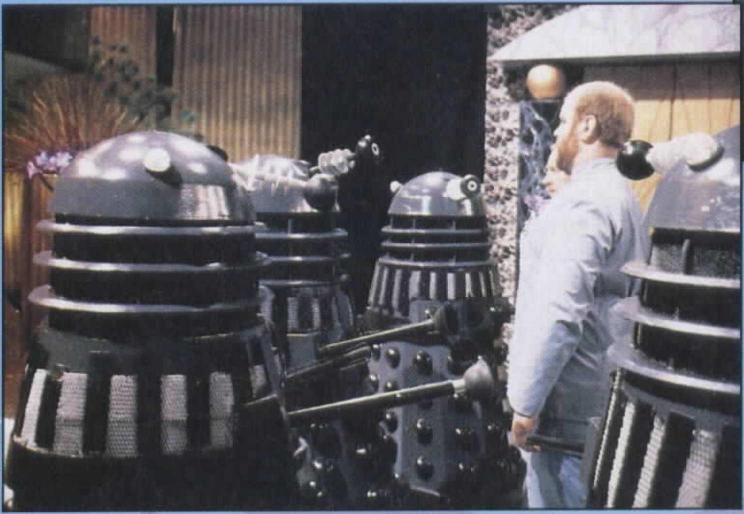
Audience Appreciation:
Episode 1: 51%, Episode 2: 51%, Episode 3: 52%, Episode 4: 51%, Episode 5: 53%, Episode 6: 49%, Episode 7: 56%.
Repeats: 50%, 52%, 51%, 49%, 50%, 51%, 49%.



A force that could one day be the dominant lifeform throughout the galaxy



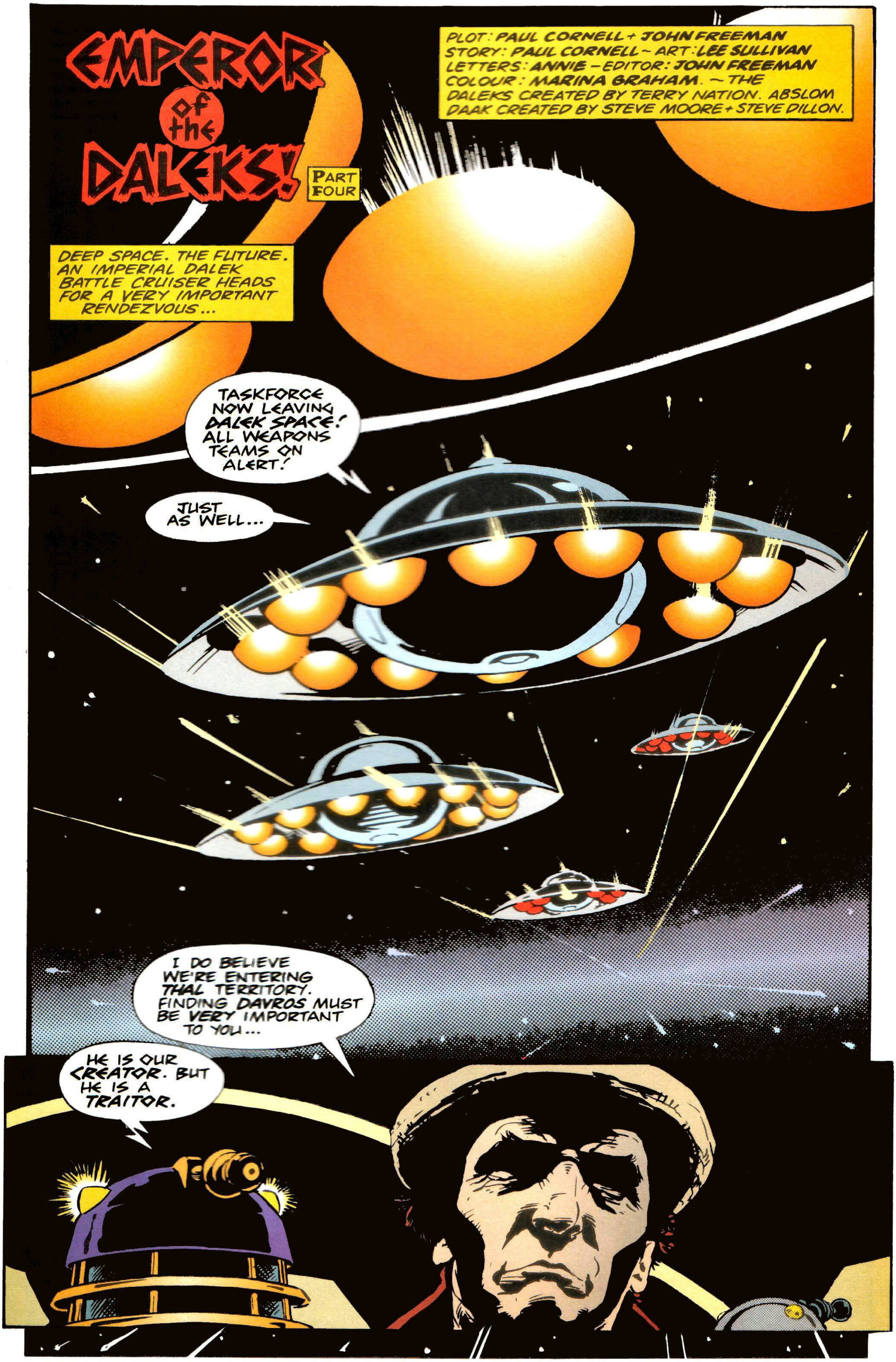
Creatures made in the image of their creator

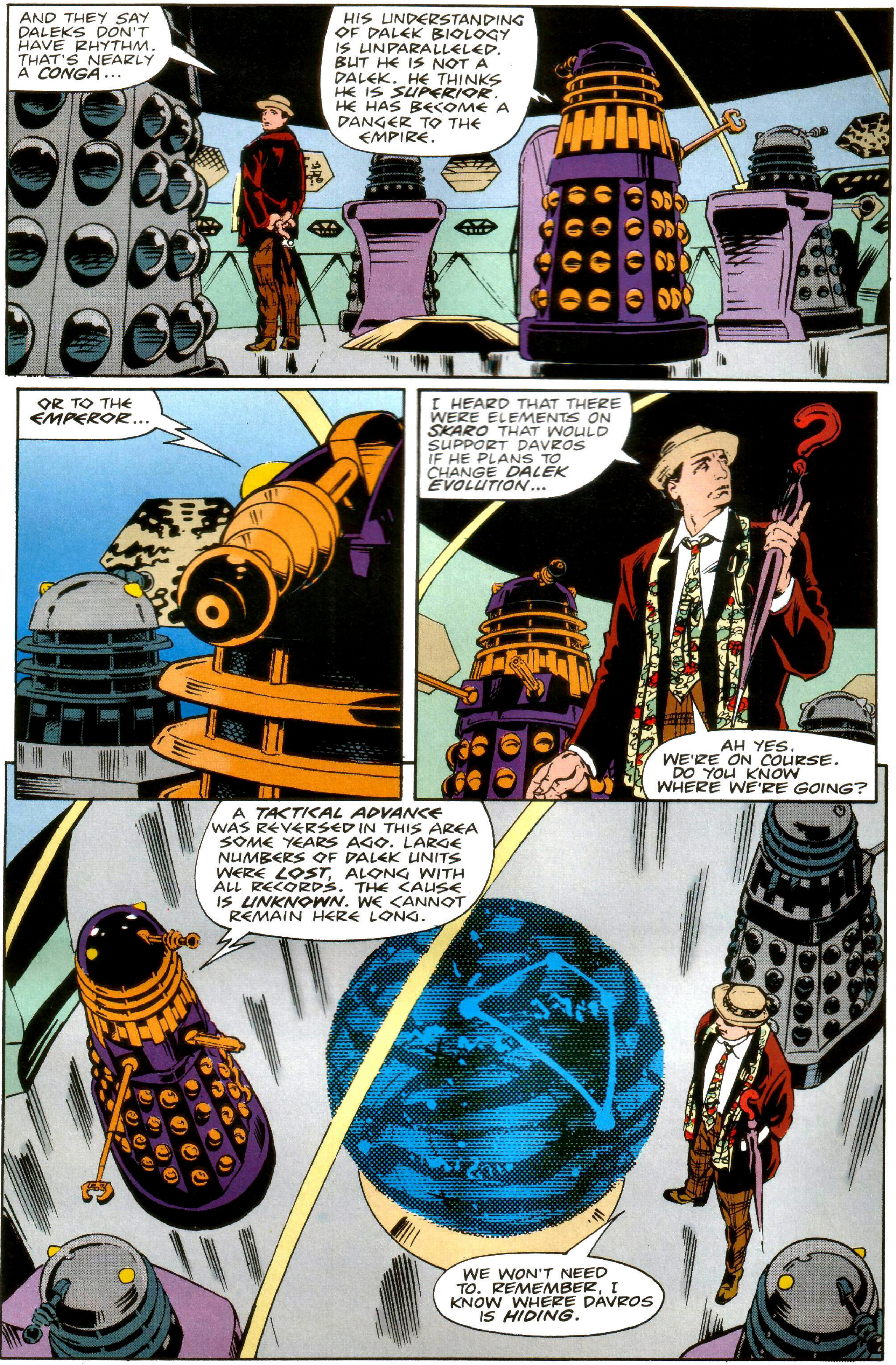


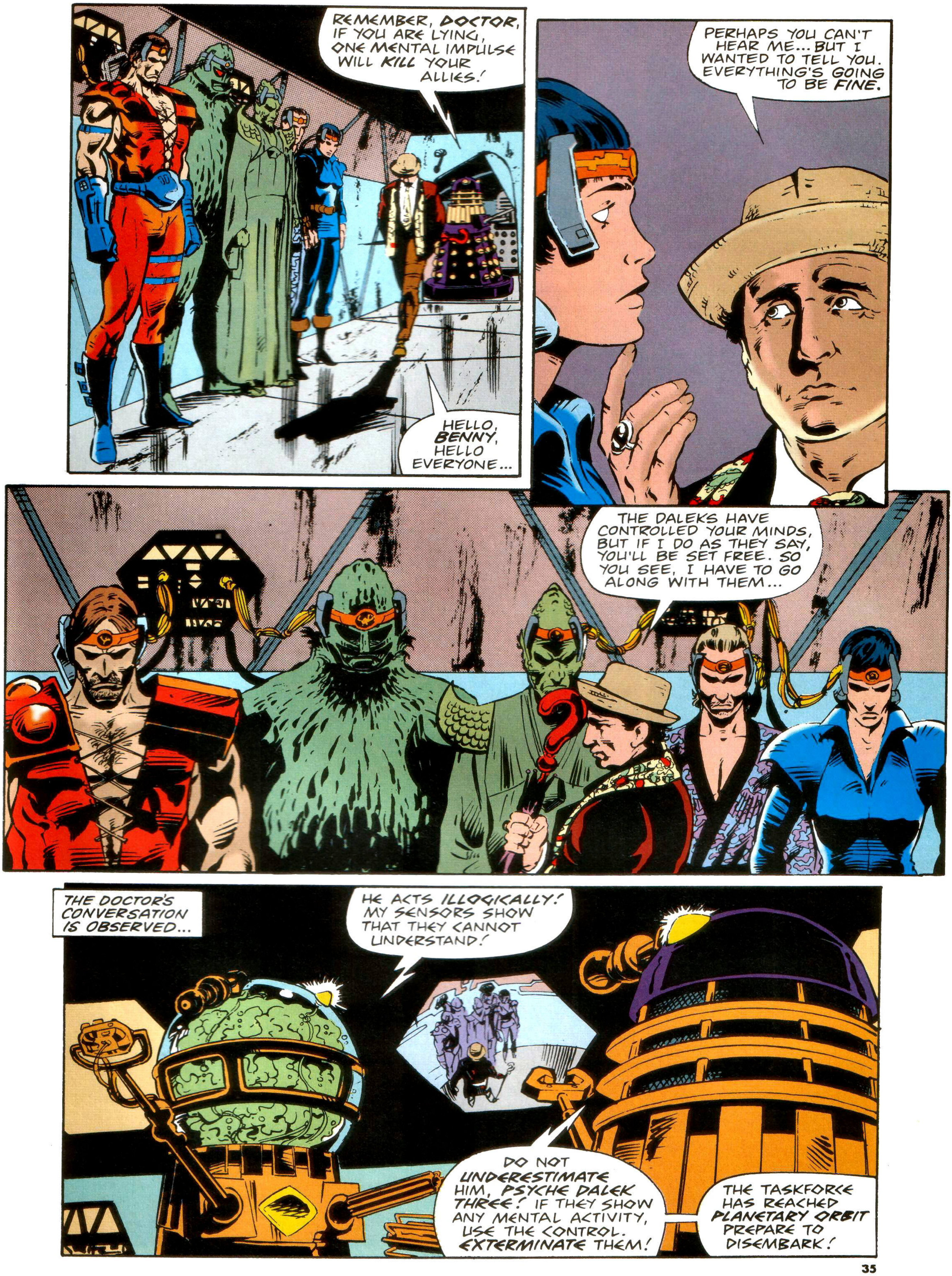
"Evil? No...a force for good!"

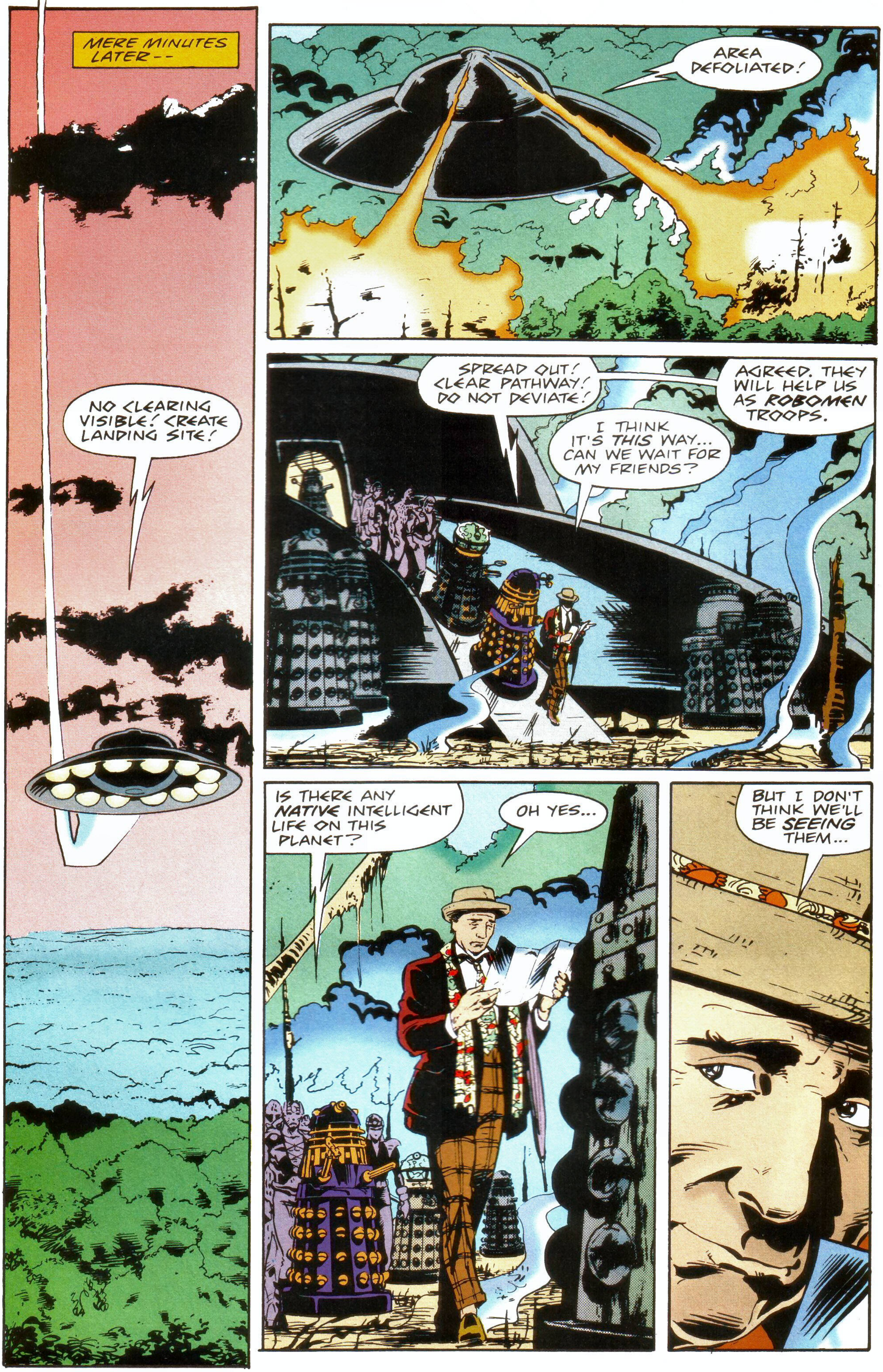
They are THE DALEKS

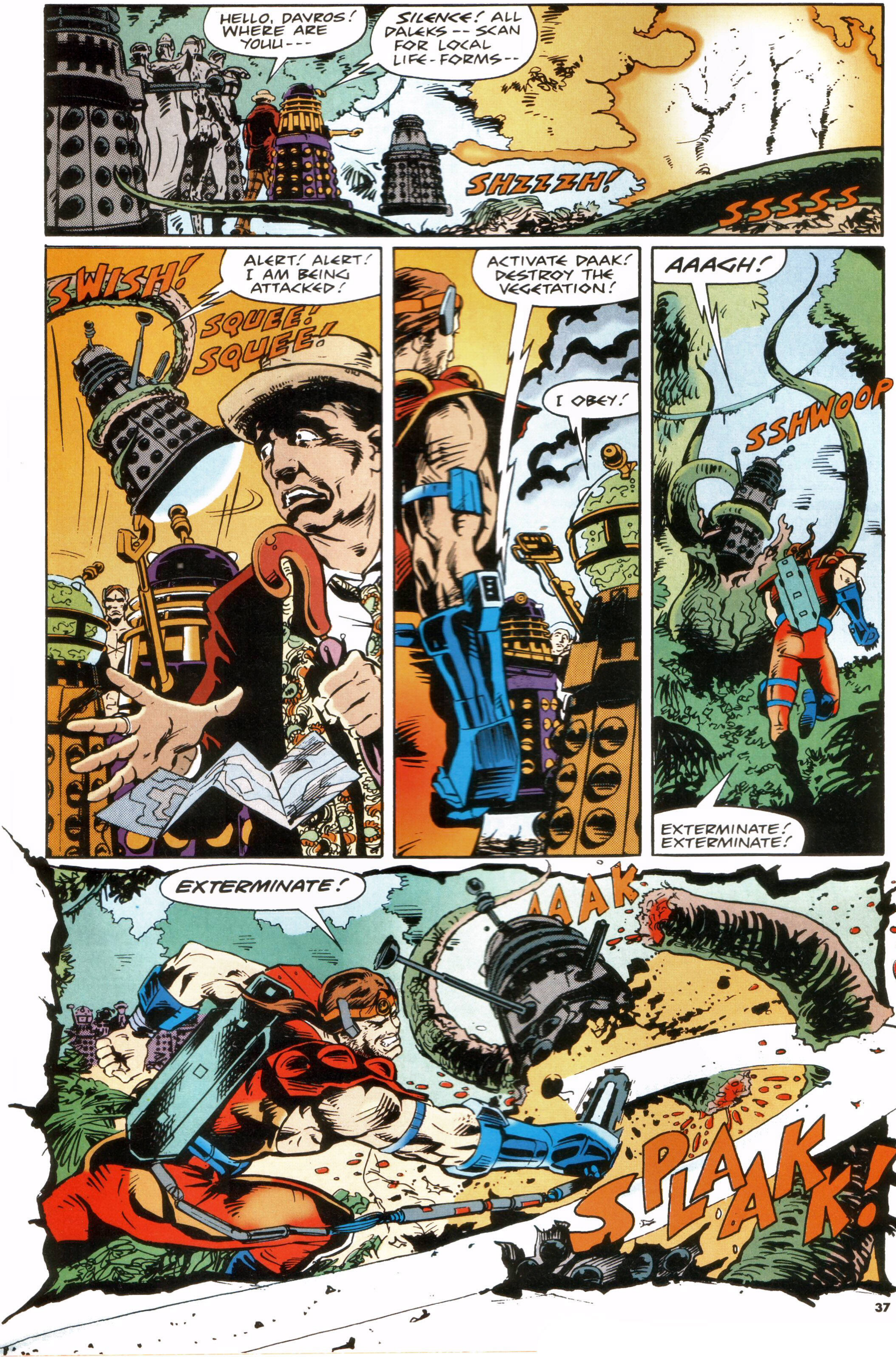
Discover all there is to know about the Doctor's most hated foes in this definitive guide – *The 1993 Doctor Who Magazine Summer Special.*
On sale soon...

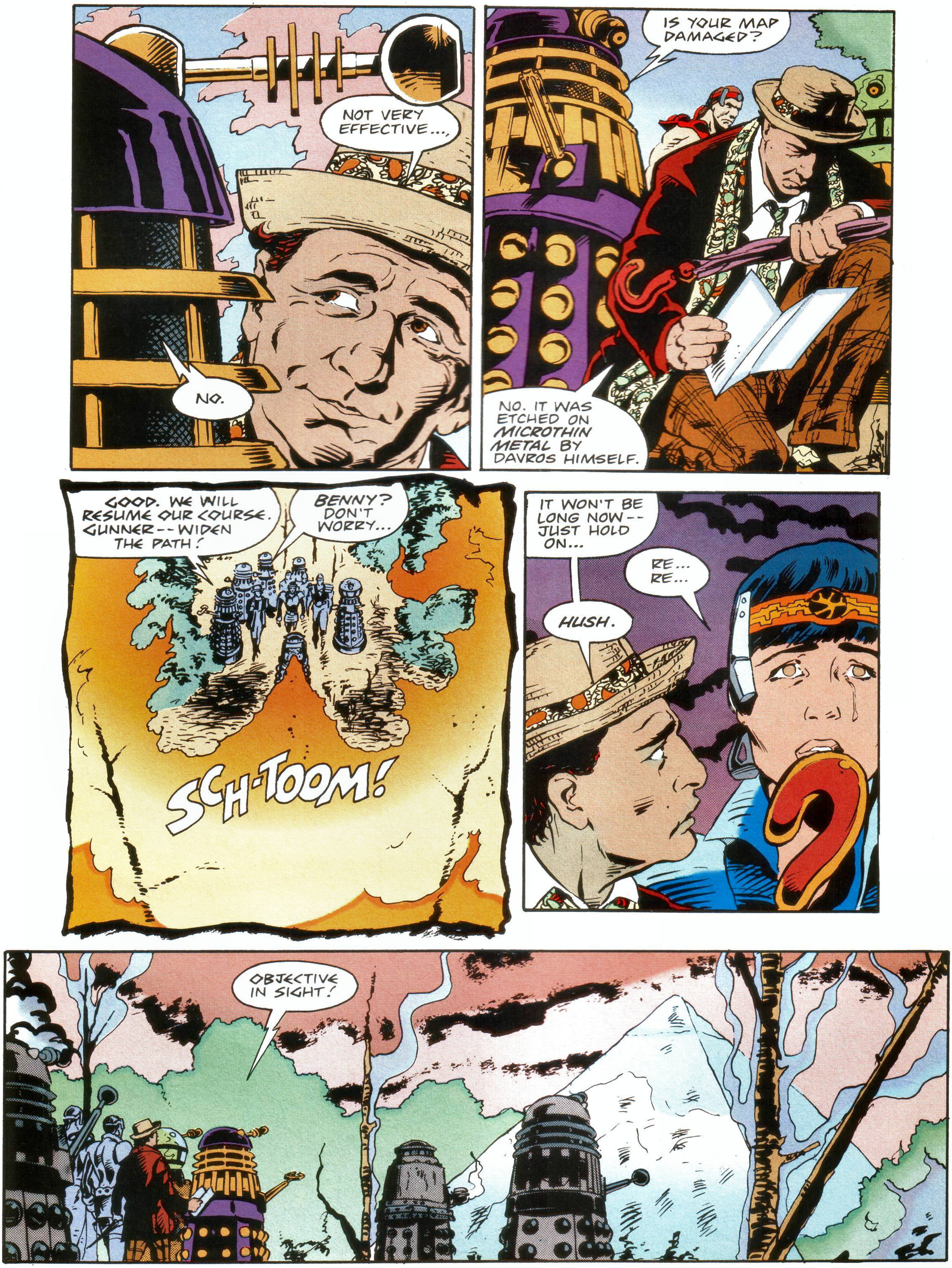

EMPEROR of the DALEKS!
PART FOUR
PLOT: PAUL CORNELL + JOHN FREEMAN
STORY: PAUL CORNELL ~ ART: LEE SULLIVAN
LETTERS: ANNIE – EDITOR: JOHN FREEMAN
COLOUR: MARINA GRAHAM. ~ THE DALEKS CREATED BY TERRY NATION. ABSLOM DAAK CREATED BY STEVE MOORE + STEVE DILLON.
DEEP SPACE. THE FUTURE. AN IMPERIAL DALEK BATTLE CRUISER HEADS FOR A VERY IMPORTANT RENDEZVOUS...
TASKFORCE NOW LEAVING DALEK SPACE! ALL WEAPONS TEAMS ON ALERT!
JUST AS WELL...
I DO BELIEVE WE'RE ENTERING THAL TERRITORY. FINDING DAVROS MUST BE VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU...
HE IS OUR CREATOR. BUT HE IS A TRAITOR.

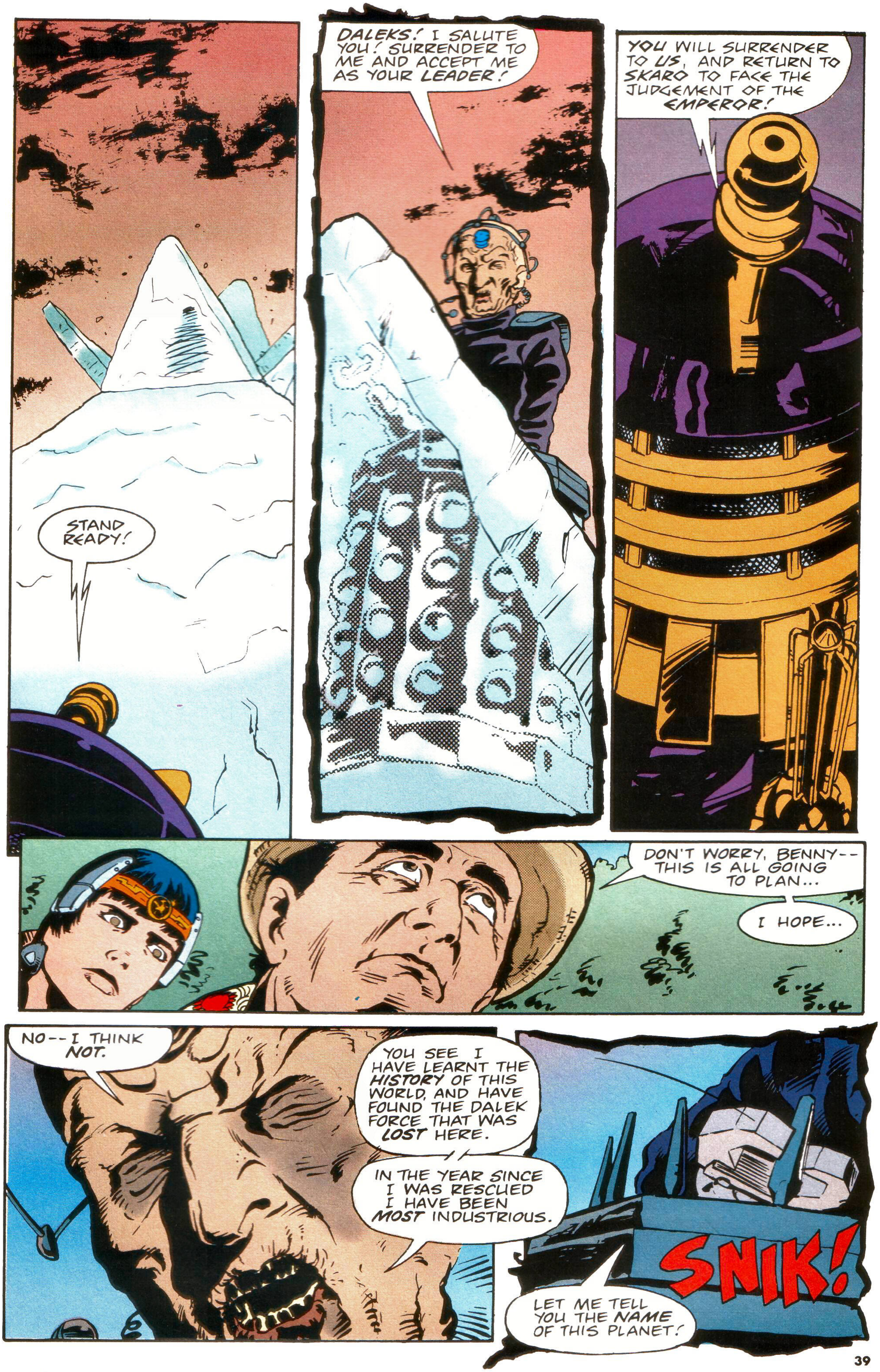

AND THEY SAY DALEKS DON'T HAVE RHYTHM. THAT'S NEARLY A *CONGA*...
HIS UNDERSTANDING OF DALEK BIOLOGY IS UNPARALLELED. BUT HE IS NOT A DALEK. HE THINKS HE IS *SUPERIOR*. HE HAS BECOME A DANGER TO THE EMPIRE.
OR TO THE *EMPEROR*...
I HEARD THAT THERE WERE ELEMENTS ON *SKARO* THAT WOULD SUPPORT DAVROS IF HE PLANS TO CHANGE *DALEK EVOLUTION*...
AH YES. WE'RE ON COURSE. DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING?
A *TACTICAL ADVANCE* WAS REVERSED IN THIS AREA SOME YEARS AGO. LARGE NUMBERS OF DALEK UNITS WERE *LOST*, ALONG WITH ALL RECORDS. THE CAUSE IS *UNKNOWN*. WE CANNOT REMAIN HERE LONG.
WE WON'T NEED TO. REMEMBER, I KNOW WHERE DAVROS IS *HIDING*.

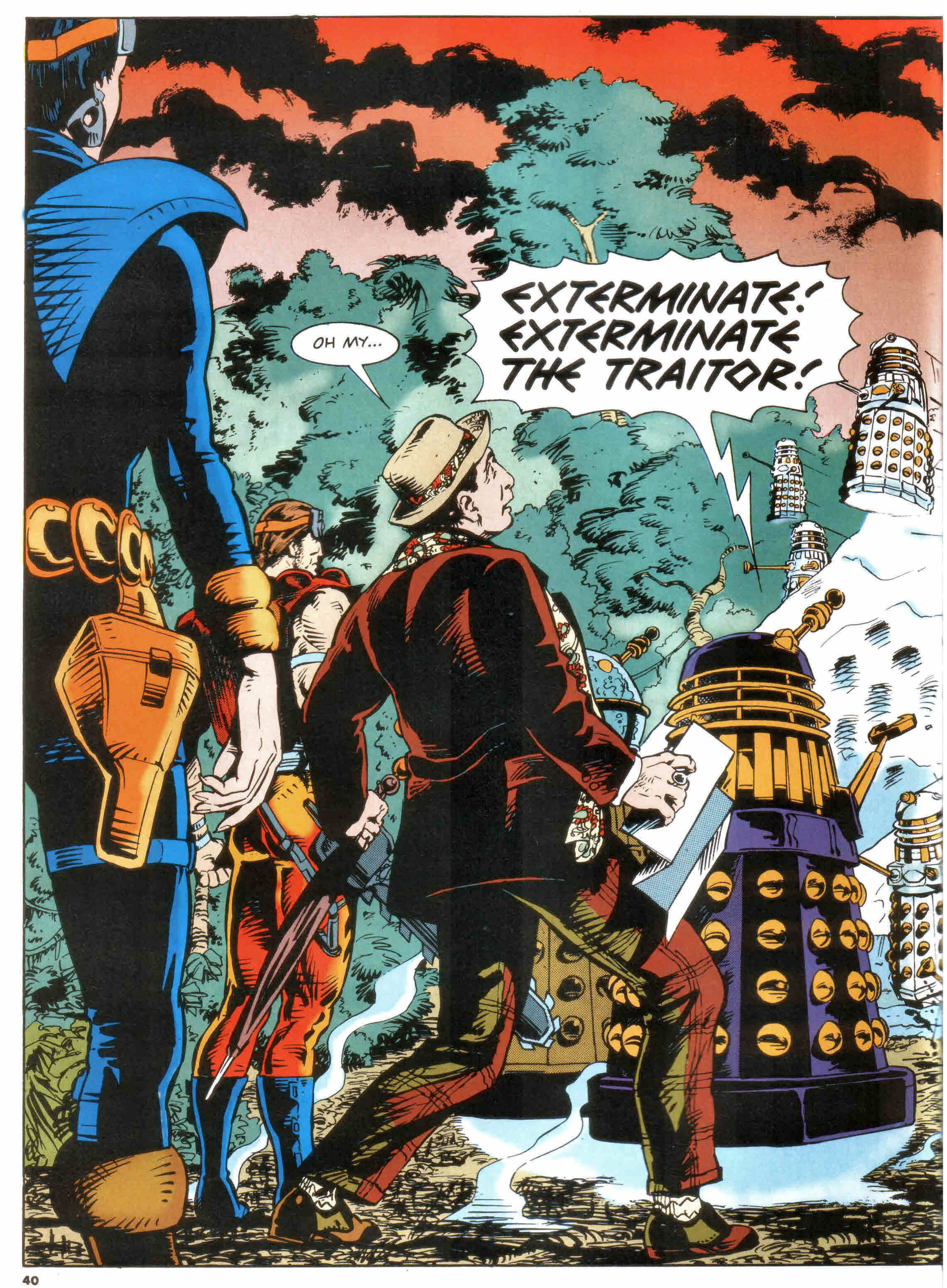

REMEMBER, DOCTOR, IF YOU ARE LYING, ONE MENTAL IMPULSE WILL KILL YOUR ALLIES!
HELLO, BENNY, HELLO EVERYONE...
PERHAPS YOU CAN'T HEAR ME... BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE.
THE DALEKS HAVE CONTROLLED YOUR MINDS, BUT IF I DO AS THEY SAY, YOU'LL BE SET FREE. SO YOU SEE, I HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH THEM...
THE DOCTOR'S CONVERSATION IS OBSERVED...
HE ACTS ILLOGICALLY! MY SENSORS SHOW THAT THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND!
DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE HIM, PSYCHE DALEK THREE! IF THEY SHOW ANY MENTAL ACTIVITY, USE THE CONTROL. EXTERMINATE THEM!
THE TASKFORCE HAS REACHED PLANETARY ORBIT PREPARE TO DISEMBARK!

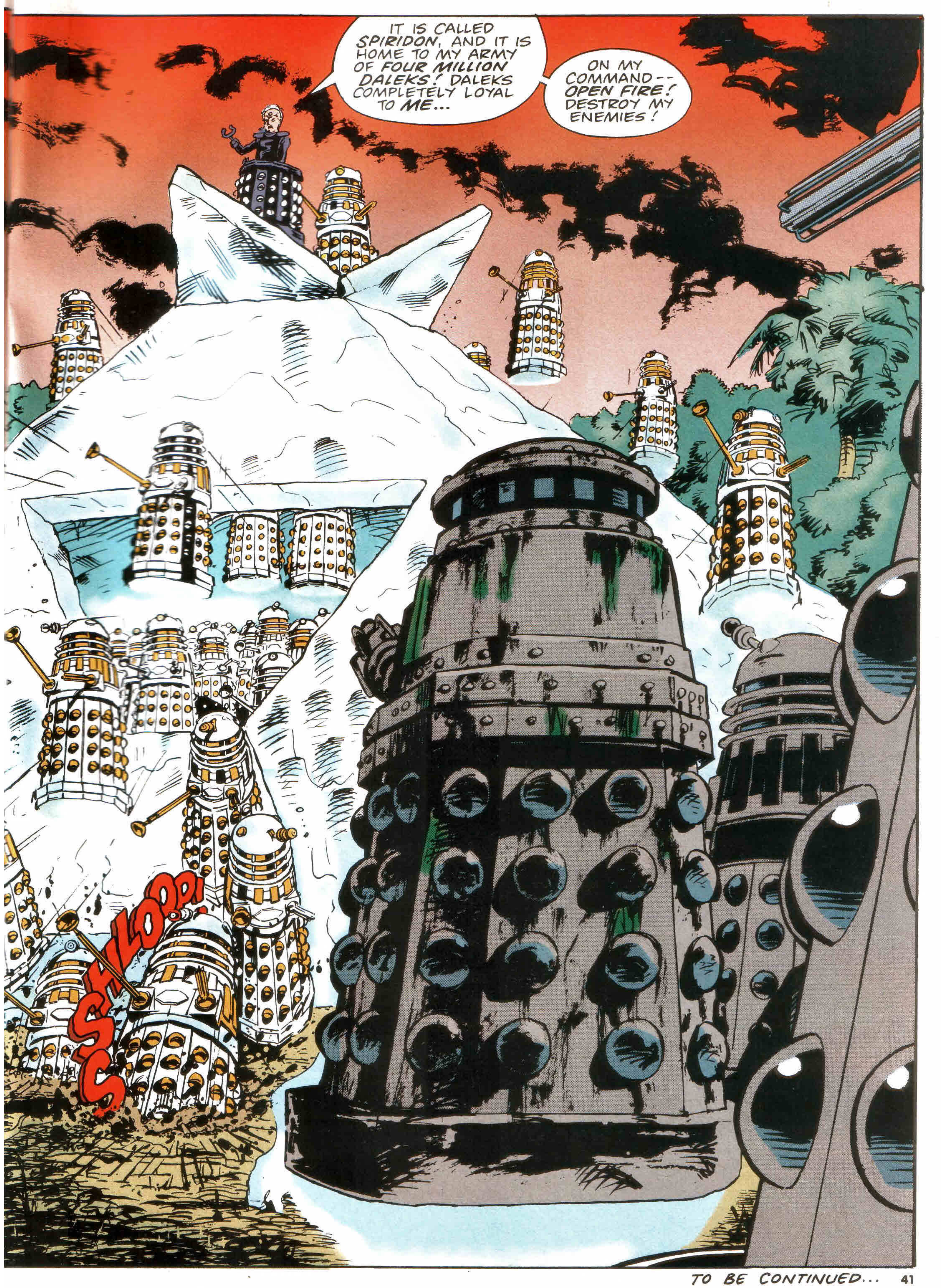

MERE MINUTES LATER--
NO CLEARING VISIBLE! CREATE LANDING SITE!
AREA DEFOLIATED!
SPREAD OUT! CLEAR PATHWAY! DO NOT DEVIATE!
I THINK IT'S **THIS** WAY... CAN WE WAIT FOR MY FRIENDS?
AGREED. THEY WILL HELP US AS **ROBOMEN** TROOPS.
IS THERE ANY **NATIVE** INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THIS PLANET?
OH YES...
BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE **SEEING** THEM...


HELLO, DAVROS! WHERE ARE YOUU---
SILENCE! ALL DALEKS -- SCAN FOR LOCAL LIFE-FORMS--
SHZZZZH!
SSSSS
SWISH!
ALERT! ALERT! I AM BEING ATTACKED!
SQUEE! SQUEE!
ACTIVATE DAAK! DESTROY THE VEGETATION!
I OBEY!
AAAGH!
SSHWOOP
EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!
AAAK
SPLAK AK!


NOT VERY EFFECTIVE...,
NO.
IS YOUR MAP DAMAGED?
NO. IT WAS ETCHED ON *MICROTHIN METAL* BY DAVROS HIMSELF.
GOOD. WE WILL RESUME OUR COURSE. GUNNER--WIDEN THE PATH!
BENNY? DON'T WORRY...
SCH-TOOM!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW--JUST HOLD ON...
RE... RE...
HUSH.
OBJECTIVE IN SIGHT!


STAND READY!
DALEKS! I SALUTE YOU! SURRENDER TO ME AND ACCEPT ME AS YOUR LEADER!
YOU WILL SURRENDER TO US, AND RETURN TO SKARO TO FACE THE JUDGEMENT OF THE EMPEROR!
DON'T WORRY, BENNY-- THIS IS ALL GOING TO PLAN...
I HOPE...
NO--I THINK NOT.
YOU SEE I HAVE LEARNT THE HISTORY OF THIS WORLD, AND HAVE FOUND THE DALEK FORCE THAT WAS LOST HERE.
IN THE YEAR SINCE I WAS RESCUED I HAVE BEEN MOST INDUSTRIOUS.
SNIK!
LET ME TELL YOU THE NAME OF THIS PLANET!


OH MY...
EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE THE TRAITOR!


IT IS CALLED SPIRIDON, AND IT IS HOME TO MY ARMY OF FOUR MILLION DALEKS! DALEKS COMPLETELY LOYAL TO ME...
ON MY COMMAND-- OPEN FIRE! DESTROY MY ENEMIES!
SHLOOP!

TO BE CONTINUED...

RENNIGAN'S RECORD

BY
DAVID WHITAKER

Intended for publication in a book entitled *The Journeys of Doctor Who,* the following story is the only known previously unpublished *Doctor Who* work by David Whitaker. The book would presumably have been made up of four or five similar stories. *Rennigan's Record* is clearly indicated as being story number one. DWM is pleased to present this story unedited and as Whitaker wrote it.

Tuesday:

I saw the dream people again last night, the old man with the long white hair and the old-fashioned clothes and his younger friend whom he calls Chesterton. Chesterton's clothes are much more modern. It's all quite absurd but the dreams are so vivid. That's the reason I'm mentioning them in this recording, in case it helps other people who suffer similar illusions on Mars.

First of all, the date. I'm sure it's Tuesday but I may have lost track of a week somewhere, so it may be the last Tuesday in January, or the first in February, 1994. This is being recorded on the small portable wire-tape recorder from Gemini 108, our space ship, the ruins of which are lying all around me. The tape recorder is the only machine that seems to work. Somehow or other, the transistor batteries escaped any damage.

Just in case the wreckage isn't discovered for ages, I'm making this as full a report as I possibly can before I die. In a few years the sky is going to be full of so many space shots people may have difficulty in identifying a twisted mass of metal and some human bones lying in a Martian valley. I have plenty of food and enough water for two days, so I should be able to complete this record.

My name is Commander Joseph Rennigan, seconded to the U.S. Space Research Division. I am a biologist in actual fact, but I was given the rank of Commander by President Carrol in the White House, since only Army personnel are permitted to take part in space flights. I had headed a delegation of world biologists to the United Nations on the subject of the dangers of transporting plants from other planets to Earth. You will remember what the effects of the Venus rainbow flowers were and how there was a danger of them gradually destroying all the worms in the soil. In the end, we had to destroy all the rainbow flowers completely and forbid astronauts to bring them back from Venus. Well, I made my speech to the General Assembly, campaigning for biology to be represented on all space probes. As a result, I found myself asked to join the new attempt to reach Mars.

It's very strange now to think we have already begun to colonise Venus and yet never succeeded in landing on Mars. The journey was easy and Gemini 108 acted perfectly and just as smoothly as travelling between the tops of the buildings in Manhattan in one of the new English Hovair cars.

The trouble started after we'd completely circled Mars for the second time. Radio communication with Earth cut out suddenly and the jets began to sound erratic. There were four of us in the crew – Purley, the Captain; Jefferson, our navigator; Satowski, in charge of Communications; and myself. Purley told us that we were flying dead centre in a magnetic field which was so strong it was pulling our controls out of line. Naturally, we all started wondering whether the magnetic field was a natural one or whether there was intelligent life on Mars and it had thrown up some sort of defence barrier.

We never reached the end of that discussion. Gemini 108 suddenly dived down on the planet as all the jets cut out. There was a terrible sound of grinding, screeching metal as the component parts tried to do their allotted tasks. I suppose we were about nine miles above Mars when the dive started and we just fell like a stone.

About a mile above the surface, the jets suddenly started firing again and Purley told us we'd cut right through the magnetic field. We were still diving dangerously but he started to pull the craft up. He was a brilliant pilot and that's what makes the whole thing so tragic. He so nearly succeeded. So very nearly.

About twenty thousand feet above Mars, Purley levelled off and we were speeding over a flat desert of reddish sand. Jefferson made some tests on the spectroscope and announced that the desert was capable of standing up to the blast of our retrojets for a landing. Satowski started trying to re-establish radio communication with Earth. I was so fascinated with the landscape, I moved down the tiny corridor to the rear observation window. Purley had slowed the craft now to just below the speed of sound and I could pick out details. The ship began to curve and drop lower and the speed lessened considerably as the forward power jets started firing. Satowski was whistling now as he tapped out his eternal signals and I sensed the collective feeling of triumph in all of us. We were going to land on Mars! The first people to do so. The ship slowed to a stop and hung now, completely motionless above the desert, all its jets roaring and kicking up a cloud of dusty sand.

I don't know what happened. Gemini 108 tilted suddenly on its nose and I was thrown backwards, hitting my head violently on the corner of one of the Oxygen containers. Just before I blacked out, I felt myself being thrown upwards just as there was the most tremendous ripping and tearing sound of metal.

I came to on the red desert, about fifty yards from where Gemini 108 had crashed. I had a terrible gash at the back of my head and partially on my neck but apart from that I hadn't suffered any other injuries. The pain in my head was terrible and for a while I just lay in the sand, calling out for one of the others to come and help me. I was so convinced that if I was alive one of the others must be.

They didn't come and I began to get used to the pain. I dragged myself across to the wreckage and started to look for them. They were all dead, of course. Maybe it had something to do with my being in the rear of the ship – I don't know enough about that to be able to say definitely. All I know is I escaped and they didn't. The dawning realisation of the terrible position I was in seeped through me slowly but surely, robbing my legs and arms of any power I'd forced into them when I had something to hope for. I was alone! The three best men had died and the most useless had lived, for what could I do all by myself in the middle of a Martian desert? All I'd had was a three month shock course in space flight to test my stamina and gauge my mental attitude as it would be under the stress of cosmic travel. But even if I could find the radio, I couldn't operate it, allowing for the fact that it might be in some sort of working condition. I was a biologist, brought up in a world full of ready made services like restaurants, laundries, garages, telephones and the like. I couldn't live without them. Even on Gemini 108, I'd pressed a button and food appeared or I turned a switch and a cup of water or fruit juice presented itself to me, but I had no idea how the food and drink was put there, or how long it was meant to last. Somebody else had done it and I'd automatically relied on it.

I don't know how long I lay there in the wreckage literally crying tears of horror and misery at my situation. The pain in my head finally drove consciousness away and I just lay back in the middle of the sand and the twisted metal, lost in a nightmare of abject despair.

My throat is too dry to go on talking into the recorder so I'm finishing off now. I'll carry on tomorrow. It's been a great comfort, just hearing the sound of my own voice. It's the silence I can't bear. Of course, there was the strange old man and his friend Chesterton – but they're just dreams ... just dreams. Or am I going mad?

Wednesday:

I think I must be going mad, because I saw the dreams again last night, only there were four of them this time, the two new ones being a really attractive girl who was called Barbara and a younger girl, quite a beautiful child of about sixteen, whose name was Susan. It's all so real, that's the worst part of it. It isn't like any dream I've ever had before, or any I've heard about. Usually dreams are disconnected, aren't they? But my four dream people (and incidentally, the oldest one the others call the Doctor) move and talk in a perfectly logical progression of action and sound.

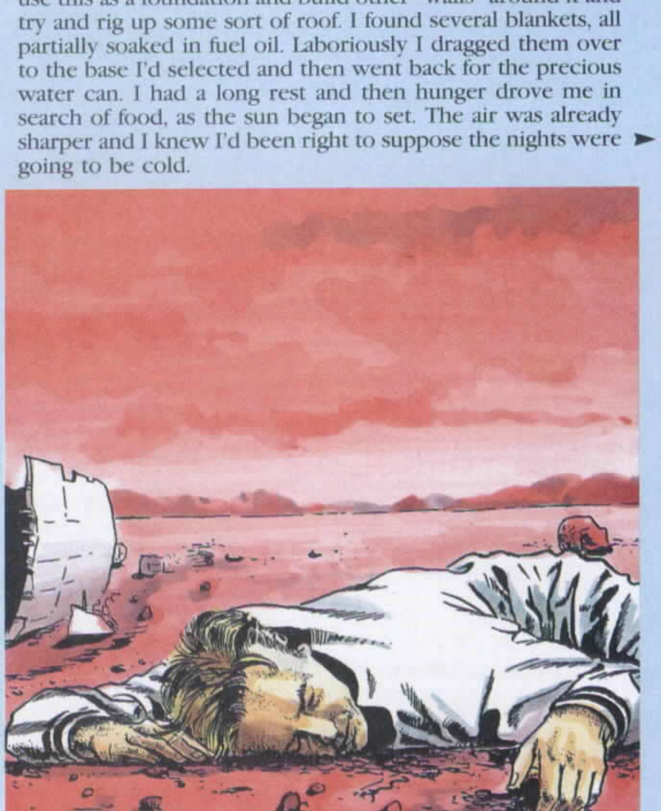
Madness or halucination, I don't know! I don't know! Come on, Joe, get a hold of yourself, this won't do at all. You've got a job to do.

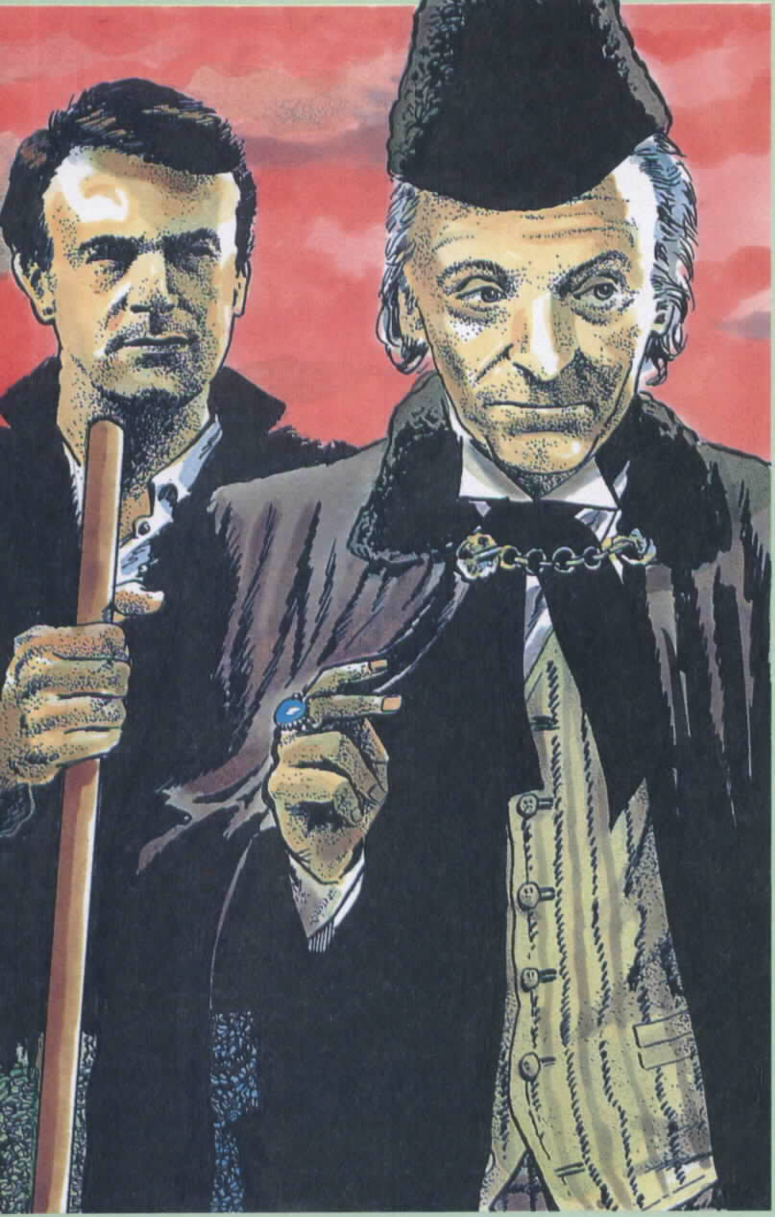
I'll pick up where I left off yesterday. I'm sorry about that little outburst, but I'm quite calm now. I don't know how long I lay in the wreckage of Gemini 108 but eventually I forced myself to collect the bodies of my dead shipmates and bury them as decently as I could. I found a mirror, or rather a piece of mirror, and managed to examine the wound at the back of my head. I don't think the skull is fractured, although I can't be sure but it was a nasty jagged cut I saw in the piece of glass with dried blood and matted hair all around it and down my neck. Of course, it needs stitching but I'll just have to put up with that. The point is that the look of the wound reflected in the mirror actually cheered me up a little because all the fears I'd had about broken bones and shattered skulls were put to flight.

I wasn't able to make even the simplest cross for each of the graves so I placed a bit of twisted metal at the foot of each and hung the identity tags on three pieces of steel rods and stuck them in the sand as firmly as I could. Not very ornate headstones but somehow they seem to be fitting.

I said that the wound wasn't serious, but it did seem to have deprived me of my strength. I found any concentrated effort very exhausting. My body seems to demand constant rest and I fall asleep at the slightest opportunity. But the urgent problems of food, water and shelter forced me to act. After I'd woken up from the crash, the sun was warmish and it continued so in the hours that followed but I had an idea that it was going to be cold at nights. I still didn't trust my legs for walking, so I crawled painfully in and out of the wreckage and salvaged everything I could find. First of all, I searched for water and found almost straight away a whole gallon can of it nearly full. I'd decided already where I'd build my camp – against the largest piece of the space-ship standing. It was part of the outer wall of the forward control chamber and it rose about fifteen feet into the air. It's other end was embedded deep into the sand and I knew I could use this as a foundation and build other "walls" around it and try and rig up some sort of roof. I found several blankets, all partially soaked in fuel oil. Laboriously I dragged them over to the base I'd selected and then went back for the precious water can. I had a long rest and then hunger drove me in search of food, as the sun began to set. The air was already sharper and I knew I'd been right to suppose the nights were going to be cold.

➤





◄ On every space ship now they always put in a stock of what they call necessary perishables, food of some considerable variety in its natural state; that is, as one would expect to find on Earth. It all started, I seem to remember, in the 1980's when space flights began to stretch out into months. Astronauts simply disliked food in pill and wafer form, however much they were assured that it contained all that was good for them. The psychologists realised that one of the greatest battles they had to fight in space was not loneliness, as everybody had thought at first, but boredom. Nothing kills an appetite faster than an unvaried diet, so arrangements were made to include real eggs, biscuits and foil wrapped cheese in the space provision lockers, as well as the vitamin pills and the calorie wafers and the other types of food concentrates. In this way, astronauts could treat themselves once in a while and break the appalling monotony. This was what I searched for, the necessary perishables. I guessed I could find the tubes of pills and the other things in time, but I desperately wanted a link with Earth.

I found a box of foil-wrapped cheeses and some cartons of biscuits, just as the sun disappeared from view. Triumphantly, I lifted them down to the ground and dragged them over to my other stores at my new camp. The air was bitter now and I was shivering. The blankets still had a strong smell of fuel about them but they were dry now, so I wrapped myself up in three of them and spread the others out flat, one on top of the other, and wriggled myself into the middle of them. I forgot my hunger and fell asleep immediately.

The sun was high above when I woke up again, and I had a good breakfast of the cheese and biscuits. Drinking the water was difficult, because I didn't have a container of any kind, but I bent off a corner of one of the biscuit cartons and scooped up a drink of water with that until it was so sodden I simply threw it away.

All that day I worked hard on salvaging as much as I could from the wreck of Gemini 108. I found the tape recorder, the only working machine, a number of powerful torches and even an emergency heater, of all the marvellous things, complete with a thousand compressed fuel pellets. I began to feel a little like Robinson Crusoe, and every fresh discovery in the battered remnants of the ship seemed to bring new hope. It was a wonderful day altogether, as I tabulated the list of things I wanted in my mind, and the things gradually emerged from underneath piles of shattered metal and bent girders. First to show itself was the cabinet of tablet and capsule food supplies. I had to hammer at one side of it for ages with a piece of a metal pipe until I could start easing out the precious boxes of vitamins and calories. Next to turn up was a large medical kit-box, practically undamaged. I managed to separate a small aluminium locker from the tangle of twisted walls and I put the food pellets in it and dragged it over to my camp. I even uncovered a few books, another psychological weapon against space boredom. I looked through them hurriedly, hoping to find a text book which would give me a lead on how to increase my water supply but I was unlucky. Either the text books were buried right underneath the wreck and impossible to reach, or they'd been destroyed. It was the search for water that made me blister my hands and forget about the pain in my head, because it was the one thing I had so little of, the one thing I needed most of all. I had food, medicine, heat, even some books to read – and only one gallon of water!

When the sun went down I realised I'd had nothing all day since breakfast except a little water, so I made a meal of cheese and biscuits again, plus a couple of food pills and rationed myself to half a cup of water. I'd found a metal cup with a rubber band around its handle and remembered it belonged to Satowski, the Communications Officer. I thought of him and the others buried only a few yards away from me, and the spirit I'd gathered in me throughout the day seeped away and I crawled inside my blankets and lay there looking up at the stars. One of them was Earth. In a room on Earth there'd be a small group of men signalling to Gemini 108 constantly every minute, and as those minutes grew into hours and the hours into days, the newspapers and televisions of Earth would begin to tell the story of the lost space-ship and the suspected tragedy. My tragedy. I fell asleep eventually, glad of the extra warmth of the oil heater. The last conscious thought I had was water, and I dreamed of bathing in a river that night, a river that foamed and gushed from a white waterfall.

The next day I made a special search of the wreck for water. I found two tins of pure orange juice, which I've put on one side for the last emergency. I also found some small canisters of water and one huge container – all of them smashed and bone dry. Wearily, I dragged myself back to my camp and tried to concentrate on setting up some fairly straight metal plates to serve as walls but my thoughts kept on turning desperately to the problem of water. I had so much around me, more than enough to keep me going until a new space ship arrived. I began to realise that hope was futile. I was going to die of thirst.

Day followed on night and I began to lose track. My wrist watch keeps good time but the actual date panel is covered with dirt and I'm afraid to open it up and try and clean it in case I break something else. That's how I know the days of the week but not the actual date. It doesn't matter anyway. I hardly leave my camp at all because I'm afraid to go too far away from my gallon tin of water. It's only an eighth full now. What's that … about a pint, isn't it. Another day or two if I'm careful. Then there's only the orange juice between me and slow death.

I'll tell you about the dreams now. The first time they appeared was on Sunday. I'd been reading one of the books, Winston Churchill's *History of the English Speaking People,* deriving some courage from the battles for survival which makes our race so unique. My last thoughts were of Churchill himself, his personality dominating this Twentieth Century. Whichever psychologist it was who'd selected that omnibus of history for inclusion in the ship's library had known exactly what he was doing, for it made me determined to renew the search in the morning for water.

I woke up about two hours later, trying to establish what it was that had broken my sleep. I saw two men about thirty yards away from me, standing on a slight hill in the sand. One was taller, a young man wearing a heavy fur coat and leather boots. It was a clear night and the light from my oil fire was quite good enough to see the details. The other man was older. He had a cloak hanging from his choulders and he wore an old-fashioned hat of black astrakhan. A pair of gold pince-nez were fixed on to his nose and under the cloak I could see the Edwardian check trousers and black coat edged with silk. I blinked unbelievingly when I studied his wing-collar and cravat. It was a dream and I knew it was a dream and yet it was so real to me that I sat up on one arm, swallowing in excitement, feeling my heart thudding in my breast.

"Hullo" I called.

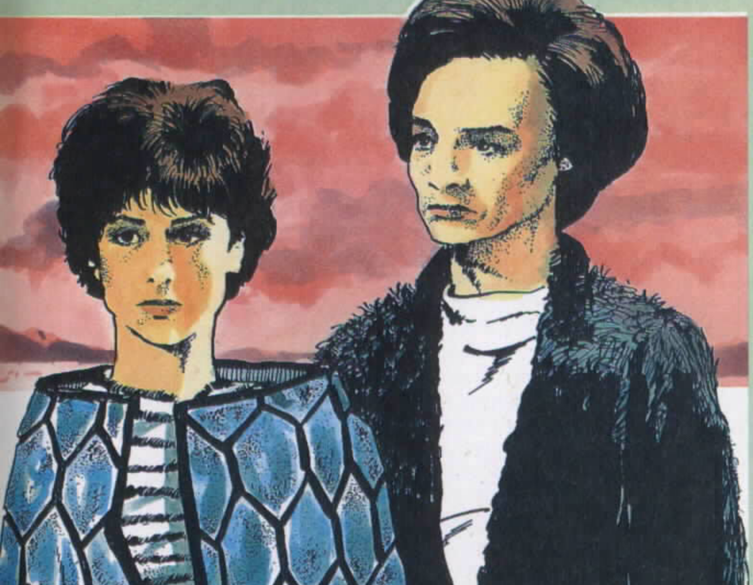
They remained absolutely motionless. I noticed that the young man had a long slender pole in his hand with a flat piece of wood at right angles nailed on to it. I called out to them again and still they didn't move. The blanket under my hands felt real. I even heard my watch ticking. There was the slightest fizzing sound coming from the oil-heater. I put out a hand and rested it on the sand. It moved under my palm and fingers just as it normally would.

"Can you see me?" I cried, sure now that I was awake and the two men were really there, standing and staring at me. I rolled over, struggling to get out of the blankets but when I finally escaped from them, the two figures had completely disappeared.

"Don't go away!" I shouted, "please don't leave me alone." But there was no answer. I grabbed one of the torches and shone it in an arc and then, thinking they must have moved back to the other side of the sand-dune, I scrambled on my hands and knees over the sand to where they'd been standing.

There was no trace of them anywhere. No foot prints in the sand, no figures in the distance. Of course there were a hundred hillocks and dunes they could have been hiding behind, but it was the absence of foot-prints that made me realise I'd dreamed it all. The air was biting into me now that I was out of range of the oil-heater, and cursing myself for every sort of a fool, I crawled back to my blankets and fell asleep.

I smiled about the dream next morning and then I thought of the tape recorder and decided to leave behind a record of everything that's happened to me on Mars. But I put it off until I'd made another search for water in the wreck. Monday night came without any success and worst of all, the pain in my head, which had seemed to be lessening with every day, came back in a series of sharp stabs of pain that made my eyes water. I suppose I'd laboured too hard in the sun. Eventually, feeling very dispirited, I dragged myself back to camp and collapsed into my blankets.



This time their voices woke me up. I didn't make any sudden moves, but I managed to change the position of my head slightly and look at them. They were in the same place and wearing the same clothes.

"He seems to be all right" said the older of the two men. "I don't know what you're so worried about, Chesterton".

"He's ill" replied the younger man called Chesterton, "and he's alone".

"He's alive, my boy. He's made a little home for himself. You're worrying about nothing".

There was a silence and I tried to move my head to get a better look.

They were gone. I was tempted to get out of bed again and search for them but I lay back, wondering if I was dreaming or if some sort of Martian madness had crept over my mind. An old man in Edwardian clothes on Mars! Who was he? How did he get here? Where was his space ship?

And now it's Wednesday, and the dreams appeared again last night. Only now the dreams or madness or whatever it is gets more and more complicated. When I woke up on Tuesday morning I didn't feel at all well. My head was aching abominably and whatever strength I'd gathered since the crash in my legs and arms had all gone. I managed to get myself a drink of water, looking with horror at the tiny amount left in the bottom of the can and I just lay on one of the blankets under the rays of the sun. Late in the afternoon, I pulled the tape recorder nearer to me and made a few voice tests to get the level right, and then started recording what had happened. It's certainly better than writing it all down, even if I had a pen or a pencil, which I haven't.

When I woke up I sensed that my dream people would be standing in the same spot, before I even focused my eyes properly. This time there were four of them, the two new dreams being the girls I spoke of before, both wearing trousers which was ordinary enough, but the smaller of the two wore the most bizarre looking cloak of some kind of green colour and covered all over with what appeared to be fish scales. The taller of the two new additions was wearing a short fur jacket. I sat up and stared at them.

They stood in a line facing me, the two girls on the inside. The light from my oil-heater flickered slightly and I remembered I hadn't recharged it with a new heater pellet. In the wavering light those four figures appeared to be eerie and not a little terrifying. They might have been carved out of stone, they were so still and silent.

"What do you want?" I stammered, and after a considerable silence and not a single sign that told me they'd heard what I'd said, I burst out: "Why do you haunt me like this!?"

The smaller of the two girls moved her hands slightly.

"Poor spaceman" she said quietly. "Nobody's going to hurt you. We aren't, are we, Barbara?"

Barbara, the other girl, shook her head.

"Dreams can't hurt" said the old man with the long white hair gently.

"Are you dreams, then?" I demanded.

"What else?"

"But it's all so real" I shouted. "Any why should I create you in my imaginations . . .? Why!? I've never seen any of you before."

"You'd better ask him about the injury, Doctor" said the young man called Chesterton. The Doctor nodded slowly.

"You really must try and help yourself, you know" he said severely. "You've got a medical box there and it has a very good book of instructions. You haven't even bathed the wound properly and put a bandage on it."

"I haven't enough water." I said slowly.

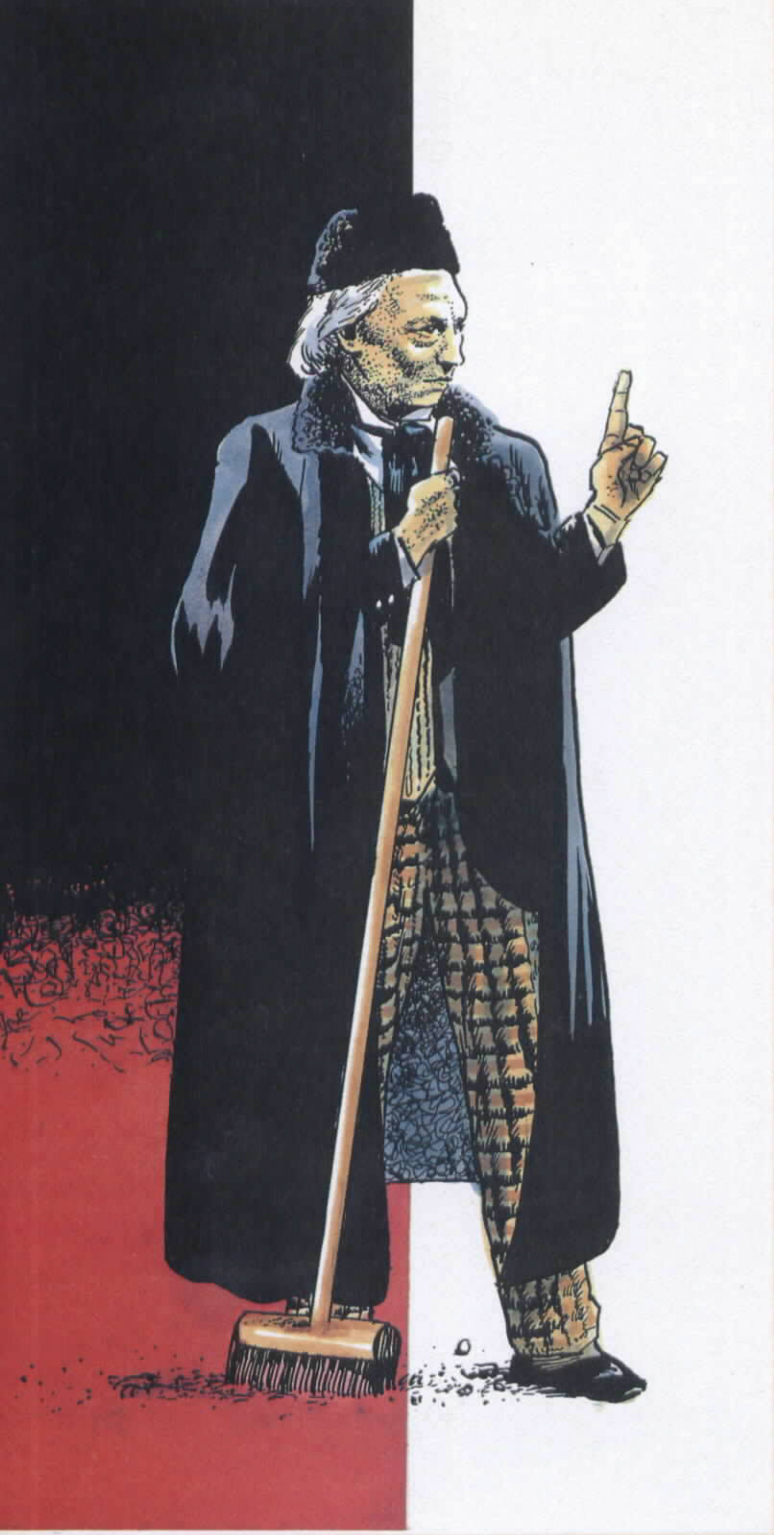
"You were right about the water, Susan" murmured Chesterton, and the smaller of the two girls nodded.

"Water!" the Doctor exclaimed. "An astronaut knows perfectly well how to obtain water, don't be ridiculous."

"I'm not a real astronaut" I said quickly. "I'm a biologist. This is my first flight."

"Oh, an amateur, sir, are you?" he sniffed.

I was about to reply angrily, when the oil-heater popped ➤



◄ loudly and died out, and everything darkened around me. I searched desperately for a torch.

"Tell me how to produce water!" I shouted. My fingers closed over one of the torches and I shone it at the place where they'd been standing. There wasn't a sign of them. I wrapped one of the blankets around me and crawled on my hands and knees to the dune, bewildered by what was happening. I reached the place where I'd seen them but there weren't any footprints. I still couldn't believe I wasn't awake and I shone the torch around me and called out to them but my voice drifted away over the desert and was lost in the darkness. Numbly I dragged myself back to my camp and set about re-charging the oil-heater. The curious thing was that when I read the instructions around the new fuel pellet, it said quite clearly that each one was supposed to last seven days and I know I only inserted the last one three days ago. Perhaps it was faulty. The heat and light all around me once more, I crawled into my blankets and thought about what had happened.

Is there a way to produce water out of sand? Are the dreams merely my subconscious trying to remind me of some fact I've temporarily forgotten? It can't be ... it just can't. My mind must be playing tricks on me, trying to give me hope when there isn't any. I'm going to die on this Martian desert of red sand, so I might as well accept that.

Thursday:

I'm going to live! The dreams showed me the way to extract water out of the sand and it worked! I know it's impossible to believe but it's perfectly true. Barring accidents or serious illness, I can go on living for at least a year.

This is what happened. Yesterday morning, my memory of the dream was so clear and concise, I decided to check once again. I still hadn't found the energy to walk unaided, but I made myself a kind of a crutch out of a piece of a small metal girder from the wreck, wrapped some rags around the top of it to fit easily under my armpit and found I could get about a little. The trouble with movement is that it seems to make the pain in my head worse. Still, I was determined to lay my ghosts once and for all. First of all, I made my way to the sand dune where they'd been standing the night before, or at least where I dreamed they'd been standing. There were definitely no footprints. Then I set off on a circular route to see if the hills and valleys in the sand were hiding any signs of civilisation nearby. I was desperately afraid to lose sight of the wreck, so I couldn't go very far afield but I found nothing.

That little break in the recording was for me to have a long, cool drink of fresh water, water I've taken out of the sand itself. It tastes absolutely wonderful, as sweet as any water out of a mountain stream at home. You'll have to forgive me if I sound excited but can you understand what it's like to be pulled out of the shadow of death like this and actually see a chance of rescue? Gemini 108 was only one of five planned space shots to Mars and I know, if I can only stay alive, that a ship will land eventually and take me off.

After the tour around the wreck, I returned to my camp and started to read the manual inside the medical kit-box. I can't imagine why I didn't do it a long time ago. There were plenty of bandages and a tube of ointment for open wounds. It stung like mad but I persevered with it and then tied the bandages on, not very expertly but well enough to cover me up properly. In spite of what the dreams said, I didn't dare use the last of my water supply. I had just enough to last me for one day, if used sparingly, and then there were the two tins of orange juice, my final reserve. The ointment began to work and I felt my head swimming as the pain started throbbing through my skull. I lay on my bed, face downwards, and fell asleep.

The sun was just disappearing, and the cold starting to bite through my clothes when I heard the voice somewhere behind me. I turned over and leaned up on one arm. It was the Doctor again, standing on the same sand dune, and he was alone this time. He held the broom in his hands and he leaned on it as he peered at me in the fast approaching darkness.

"Now listen to me, young, man," he said quietly but with great authority. "I am only a dream, it's true – a figment of your sleeping imagination. But the reason I appear to you like this is only to remind you of things you know, which you've forgotten. Do you understand?"

"Yes." My voice sounded hoarse.

"Good. Now this question of obtaining water. Find some pieces of plastic in the wreckage. Dig a hole in the sand and place a container in the hole. Cover the hole with the piece of plastic and then put a stone or a weight of some kind in the middle of the plastic so that it weighs it donwards towards the container beneath it. Is all that clear?"

"Yes, but I don't understand it at all".

"Condensation, my dear boy, condensation. But you must make sure that the plastic becomes a complete cone in the hole and that only the edges touch the sand. The inside of it, the part pointing down to the container must not touch the sand in the hole. Do you follow me?"

I nodded. The light was fading so fast now I could hardly see him. My right hand suddenly closed around the torch I'd used the night before and left by the pile of blankets.

"There's water in the air, as you well know," he went on. "And you can extract it from the air and from the sand when the temperature changes. Moisture will collect on the underside of the plastic and run into the container. If you do that regularly, you'll have a steady supply of good water to keep you going until another space ship comes."

I picked up the torch and pressed the switch but the light didn't flash on as I'd expected. The darkness closed around the form of the Doctor and cloaked him in almost total invisibility.

"I'm glad to see you've bandaged your head. But wash that wound, my boy, and keep it clean." His voice floated out of the night, a kindly voice but full of firmness and authority.

"And be quite certain that you aren't mad. Dreams aren't madness, you know, as you'll discover for yourself when you start collecting your new water supply."

There was a long silence and I pressed the switch on the torch again two or three times without success.

"Doctor," I called out. There was no reply. I got out of bed and turned on the oil-heater. The Doctor had vanished again. I didn't bother to go to the sand dune again. I know there wouldn't be any footprints.

I picked up another torch from my stock and crawled out to the wreckage. I'd never noticed them before (because, I suppose, I'd had no use for them) but almost immediately, I found four squares of plastic draped over the back of a battered control seat. I can't imagine what they'd been used for originally in Gemini 108 but I didn't give much time to that line of thought. I scooped out a hole in the sand and placed a metal cup at the bottom. Then I spread the plastic sheet over the hole and found a small stone and placed it in the centre. The plastic dipped down towards the cup, without touching it or the sides of the hole. Then I went back to my blankets.

I woke up in the morning with a sense of urgency, just as you do when you have an important meeting and you can't afford to be late for it. I remembered the theory of condensation and, half afraid that even my actions of the night before had been part of the dream, I hurried to the place. The plastic sheet was there all right, covering the hole I'd dug in the sand. I ripped it off and stared unbelievingly down at a metal cup brimming over with clear water. I lifted it up carefully and tasted it. It was clear and sweet, and as pure as any water I'd ever tasted.

I set to work digging more holes in the sand and putting in containers and covering them up with the other plastic sheets. I know it works, I know it does. I'm going to be all right now. I'll have so much water, I'll be able to bath in it, if I want to.

Friday:

No more dream creatures now, but I've proved the water condensation idea again and again. All the containers were full this morning and I have about five pints of water now in my gallon can.

Of course, I understand everything now. The way I was rationing myself with water, the hot sun during the day plus the awful pain in my head must have brought on a kind of delirium. That's where my dream creatures came from, the ramblings of a thirsty, injured man who believed he was going to die. The mind stores up all kinds of information, and I suppose I must have read about the water condensation idea in a magazine and it was pushed into some little corner of the brain.

Delirium is a strange disorder because, even now, I can't see where the dreams left off and reality began. I have no conscious recollection of actually waking up out of the dream. But dreams they were, marvellous dreams that saved my life, but definitely dreams.

I've played over this tape now several times and I still can't decide whether it's a good idea to have such a record. Parts of it seem to be so extraordinary, as if I really believed in the Doctor, Chesterton and the two girls; Barbara and Susan. I mean really believed in them. Earth being what it is, I don't want anyone to get the idea I was on the verge of some sort of madness.

There's no madness here. The wound in my head is definitely better and I'm gradually beginning to get about properly on my own two feet. I have plenty of food and water, medical supplies, heat and light and a few books. I plan to get to work and build some good strong walls and fix up a roof. One day soon, a rocket ship will glide over my head and the adventure on Mars will be over.

Yes, I think I'll wipe this record off the tape. I'll do it tonight after supper. A press of a switch and it'll be rubbed out for good and all. After all, what do I need that sort of record for? I'm not going to die ... I'm going to live.

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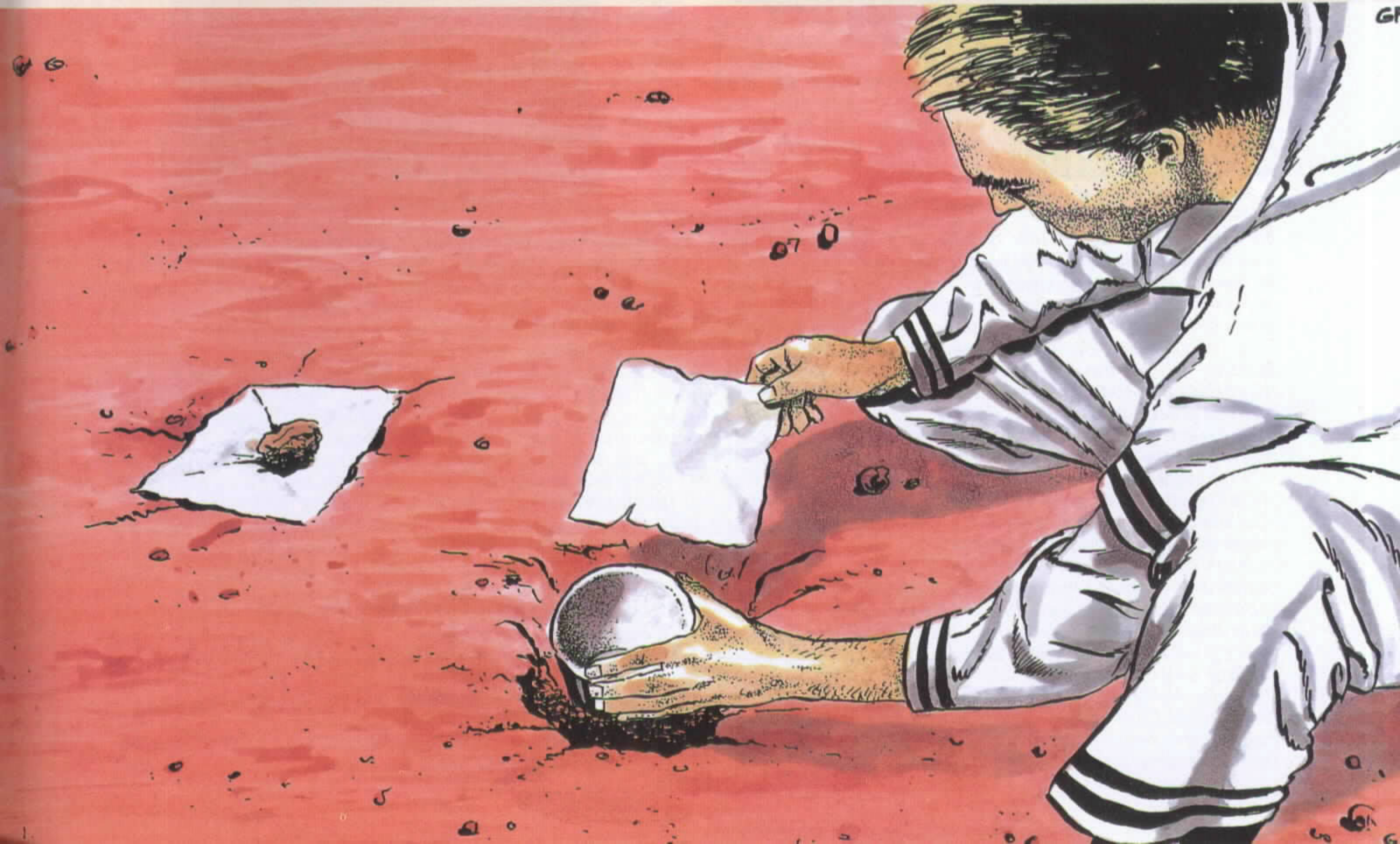

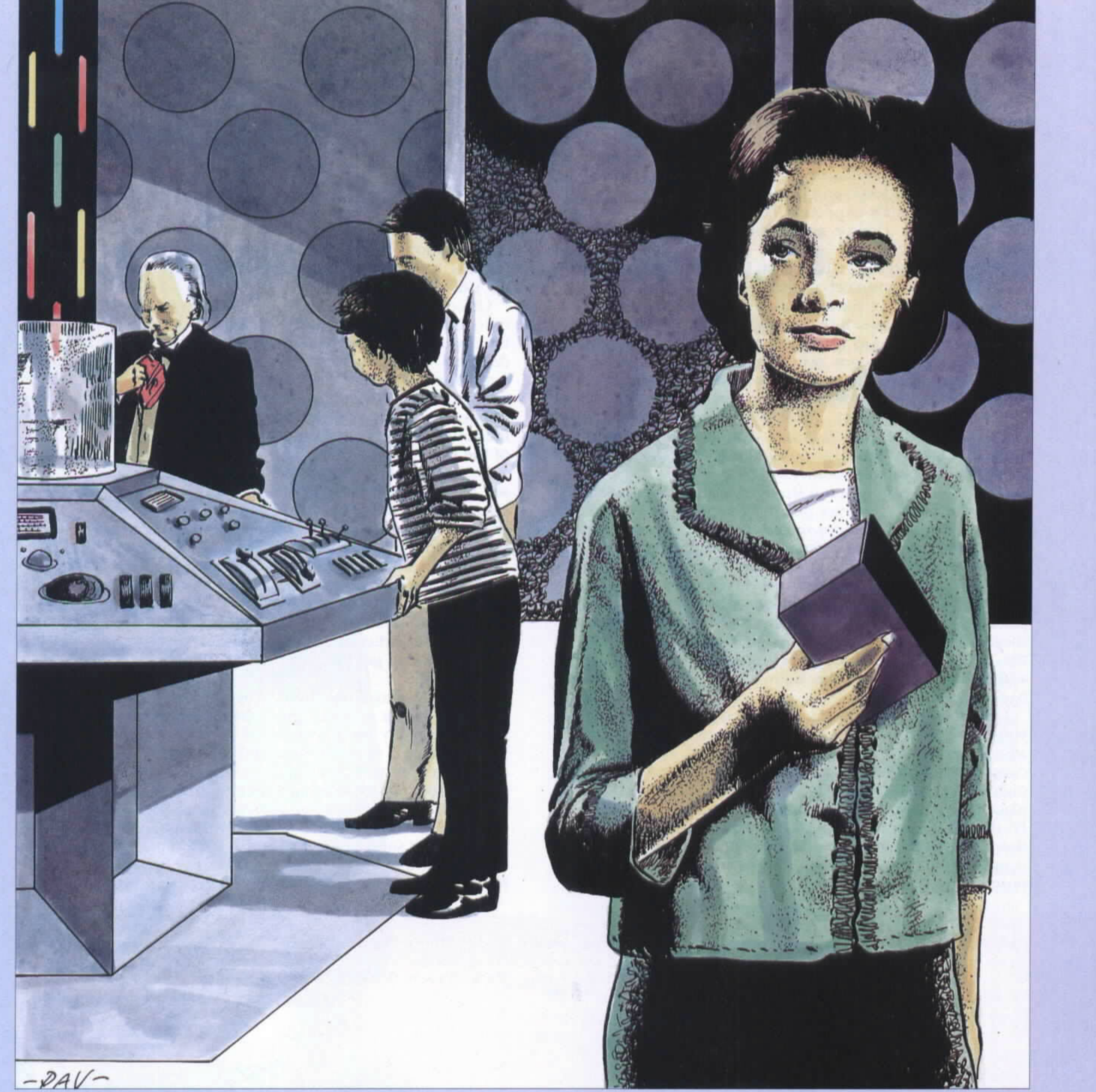

Barbara pressed the switch on the tape recorder in the Tardis and the machine slowed to a stop. Susan was sitting in the big grandfather chair, Ian on the settee beside the impressive bust of Napoleon Bonaparte while the Doctor was leaning against his control panel. Around them all the busy mechanismi of Tardis, the incredible Time and Relative Dimension In Space machine, hummed and whispered, and the soft, concealed lighting bathed them in a warm golden sunshine.

"I'm very glad you stole that tape recording of his," murmured the Doctor glancing at Ian approvingly.

"I replaced it with an idential one, of course," he replied. "I don't quite know what we'd have done if he'd decided to hear his own voice just once more before wiping it off. He might really have become suspicious."

"Anyway," said Susan, "he didn't. He just pressed the switch and cleaned what he thought was his tape."

Barbara said: "You were afraid he might find out about your existence, Doctor, is that it? I suppose it wouldn't be a very good idea for people to know we were cruising about in Time and Space."

The Doctor shook his head. "No, my dear, that wasn't it at all. What I was afraid of was that Joseph Rennigan and indeed, his rescue party when it arrives, would imagine that there were people on Mars. That's why I insisted that we took those brooms with us to obliterate our footprints, and why we interfered with his oil-heater and his torch and disappeared into the darkness. We were forced to be dreams or Martians. The people on Earth aren't ready to accept the principles of time travel yet."

"Were there ever people on Mars, Doctor?"

The Doctor looked at Ian sadly.

"Oh, there were people there all right. A million years ago. A wonderful race of people. You're quite fit and reasonably good looking, I suppose . . ."

Ian acknowledged the faint praise with a deliberate bow of his head, as Susan and Barbara smiled at each other. But the Doctor didn't seem to have noticed the by-play.

"I have claims on wisdom and intelligence," he went on seriously. "But on Mars, when it was flourishing, you would be the weakest and the plainest, Chesterton, and I . . . well, I would be the stupidest."

"What destroyed them, Doctor?" asked Barbara. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"That my dear," he replied, with a far-away look in his eyes, "is another story."

He turned to his controls and his fingers began to fly over them, turning this handle and pulling this switch until the Tardis gathered itself and wheeled on its axis and sped into a different age in a new sky.

BACK ISSUES

Marvel are now able to offer a limited number of *Doctor Who* back issues to readers. The rates (which include postage, packing and handling) are as follows: UK £2.80; Overseas (Surface Mail) £3.50; Overseas (Air Mail) £4.40. To order, list the issues required and send a cheque or Postal Order for the correct amount (payments in British Sterling or US dollar equivalent only) to Doctor Who Magazine Back Issues Dept., PO Box 500, Leicester, Great Britain LE99 0AA. Please allow 28 days for UK delivery.

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DWM 155 David Banks on *The Ultimate Adventure* plus interview with Ian Hogg. Strip: *Nemesis of the Daleks: 4* by Starkings, Tomlinson and Sullivan;

DWM 157 *The Web Planet* Archive; interviews with Jackie Lane and Frank Windsor; *The Curse of Fenric* location feature. Strip: *Hunger from the Ends of Time: 1* by Abnett and Ridgway.

DWM 158 Interviews with Marc Platt, Bill Strutton and BBC publicist Kevin O'Shea, Season Twenty-Six Visual Effects Feature. Strip: *Hunger from the Ends of Time: 2*.

DWM 159 Season Twenty-Six Guide *(Battlefield* and *Ghost Light)* plus South East Location Guide. Strip: *Train-Flight: 1* featuring Sarah Jane-Smith, by Donkin, Brand and Ridgway.

DWM 164 Interviews with John Nathan-Turner and Philip Madoc; *Terror of the Autons* Archive 1; *The Two Doctors* recording feature; Strip: *Fellow Travel-ers: 1* by Cartmel and Ranson.

DWM 165 Katy Manning and Video FX designer David Chapman interviewed plus *The Terror of the Autons* Archive:2; and Foreign Locations Guide. Strip: *Fellow Travellers: 2*.

DWM 166 Nicola Bryant interview; Behind-the-scenes on *Mawdryn Undead*, Derrick Sherwin on UNIT and his era as producer. Strip: *Fellow Travellers*: 3.

DWM 167 Merchandise special; free flexi-disc. Interviews with director Waris Hussein and Peter Darvill-Evans. Special tribute material to Graham Williams by Anthony Read, Lalla Ward and Mary Tamm. Strip: *Darkness Falling* by Abnett, Sullivan and Farmer plus the first part of proposed *Doctor Who* newspaper strip.

DWM 171 BBC Video special issue including check list, *The Aztecs* production feature, interviews with Wendy Padbury and Tomek Bork. Strip: *The Mark of Mandrogora: 3* by Abnett and Sullivan

DWM 172 *The Awakening* Archive including interview with writer Eric Pringle, designer Barry Newbery, Janet Fielding and John Nathan-Turner. Strip:*Mark of Mandragora: 4*.

DWM 173 Interviews with writer Graeme Curry and director Fiona Cumming plus Fourth Doctor fiction and *Party Animals* strip by Russell, Collins and Pini.

DWM 174 Free Davison poster; TARDIS special - TARDIS journeys listing, console schematics, interview material on its original design, *The Three Doctors* Nostalgia and *The Chameleon Factor* strip by Cornell, Sullivan and Farmer.

DWM 175 Virgin's *New Adventures* previewed with an extract from *Genesys* introduced by John Peel, illustrated by Paul Vyse. Interviews with James Ellis and Louise Jameson. Strip: *The Good Soldier: 1* by Cartmel, Collins and Pini.

DWM 176 Your views on the show, its merchandising and future! Plus a full Target books listing. Brief Encounter - *Mistaken Identity* - by Russell and Keable. Strip: *The Good Soldier: 2*

DWM 177 *The Visitation* Nostalgia; *Radio Times* - the Tom Baker Years; interview with Peter Ling. Strip: *The Good Soldier: 3*.

DWM 178 *Slipback* archive and recording feature. Sophie Aldred on *Ghost Light*. Interviews with Mary Tamm and *The New Adventures* novelists Terrance Dicks, Nigel Robinson and Paul Cornell. Brief Encounters - *Affirmative* by Read and *An Unfulfilled Dream* by Dunn - both illustrated by Vyse. Strip: *The Good Soldier: 4*

DWM 184 Free Postcards. *Delta and the Bannermen* archive, rare stills from *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. New Hartnell fiction by John Lucarotti. Interviews with Graeme Harper and Morgan Deare. Strips: *Business As Usual* by Moore and Lloyd plus *The Daleks: 5*.

DWM 186 Free Postcards. *Enlightenment* archive, with feature by director Fiona Cumming; full details on *Resistance Is Useless*, plus interview with the director. Interview: Tony Caunter; Brief Encounter: *Cathedral Heart* by Cornell and Hudd; strips: *The Grief. 2* by Abnett and Danks and plus *The Daleks 8*.

DWM 187 Free Postcards. Anneke Wills interview. *The Deadly Assassin* archive; interviews with Mitch Mitchell, Donald Hewlett, Tim Piggott-Smith and Bernard Holley; Brief Encounter: *A Romantic Evening* by Fowles and Griffin; Strips: *The Grief 3* plus *The Daleks 9*

DWM 188 Free Postcards. Interviews with directors Graeme Harper and Michael Leeston-Smith; *Revelation of the Daleks* archive; Brief Encounter *The Useful Pile* by Orman and Lambert; Strips: *Ravens: 1* by Cartmel, Williamson and Smith, plus *The Daleks 10*.

DWM 189. Free Postcards.The making of *Shada* with Douglas Adams, Pennant Roberts and Tom Baker. Interview with Rona Munro. Cybermen - the ultimate monsters? Brief Encounter *Time, Love and TARDIS* by Plath and Vyse. Strip: *Ravens: 2* plus *The Daleks 11* and *12*.

DWM 190:Wraparound cover. *Ghost Light* archived. Ian Scoones, Sharon Duce, Frank Windsor and Michael Cochrane interviewed. Brief Encounter: *A Visit to the Cinema* by Bishop and Lambert; Strip: *Ravens: 3* plus *The Daleks 13* .

DWM 191: Free Cybermen poster. Archive on *The Leisure Hive*, plus interview with Lovett Bickford. Interview with Sixties story editor Donald Tosh. Brief Encounter*: Reunion* by Carroll and Molyneux; plus strip *Memorial* by Gray and Ridgway. *The Daleks 14*.

DWM 192: Free Sea Devil Poster. Archive on *The Sea Devils* plus retrospective on Malcolm Hulke. Interviews with Donald Tosh and Ian Scoones. Brief Encounter: *Games* by Warwick Gray plus strip: Strip:*Cat Litter* by Platt and Ridgway. Plus *The Daleks 15*

DWM 193: Free Sontaran poster. Archve on *The Android Invasion*. Interviews with Roy Castle and Brian Hodgson. Brief Encounter: *Toy* by Varney and Lambert, plus strip *Pureblood 1* by Abnett and Andrew. Plus *The Daleks 16* & *17*.

SPECIALS

Rates as above. Please note that only limited stocks are available and are listed on a first come, first served basis.

SUMMER 1991

Full location listings feature. The making of *Silver Nemesis* by Sophie Aldred and *Delta and the Bannermen* by Gary Downie. Strip: *Seaside Rendezvous* by Cornell, Frank and Baskerville.

WINTER 1991

UNIT EXPOSED! Free poster. The making of the UNIT stories and features by Ben Aaronovitch, Derrick Sherwin and Nicholas Courtney . Strip: *The Man in the Ion Mask* by Abnett and Williamson. *Brief Encounter* by Colin Baker.

HOLIDAY 1992

WHO IS SARAH JANE SMITH? Free poster. Interview with Elisabeth Sladen plus biography of Sarah. Archives on *The Hand of Fear* and *K9 and Company*. Strip: *City of Devils* by Russell and Danks. *Brief Encounters* by Tucker, Perry and Cockburn; Bishop and Hudd and a special story by Nicholas Courtney, illustrated by Paul Vyse.

SPECIAL PROJECTS

Please note the different mail order prices for the specials below.

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Timelines

Send your letters to: *Timelines*, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics Ltd., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX. We read *every one* of your letters even though we can't print them all. Personal replies are IMPOSSIBLE due to the volume of mail received. Full addresses will only be printed when requested and letters may be wiped by the BBC for reasons of space.

JACQUELINE HILL

It has been somewhat of a period of mixed fortunes for *Doctor Who.*

In the aftermath of the excellent news of the return of the series via radio comes the sad and shocking news of the death of Jacqueline Hill, who I have long regarded as one of the finest actresses ever to have appeared in the series. Her portrayal of Barbara Wright, the schoolteacher companion of the programme's early days was undoubtedly central to the survival of the show. Alongside William Russell, she was utterly convincing as the teacher suddenly removed from everyday life to become a traveller in time. In *The Aztecs* she undoubtedly steals the show with a performance that will remain unforgettable to anyone who has seen it.

It is important that she is payed full tribute to as it is questionable that we would be celebrating *Doctor Who*'s Thirtieth Anniversary this year were it not for her contribution in the Sixties.

Simon Gosney,
Leicester

'AWFUL ADVENTURES'?

I've just received another letter of complaint. 'Why are *The New Adventures* so awful?' is the opening line. This is the kind of correspondence a publisher would rather *not* find waiting on his desk on a Monday morning.

It is *Transit*, of course, that has provoked this and the other letter I received a couple of weeks ago. Two letters don't add up to an avalanche of complaints, but we don't usually receive even this many letters about *New Adventures.* And as I've yet to read a positive review of *Transit* in any *Doctor Who* magazine or fanzine, it's clear the book has upset some people.

My first inclination was simply to say that innovation often has detractors, that good fiction should be challenging, and that one doesn't make omelettes without breaking eggs. But *Doctor Who* is a series for which many people, myself included, feel a great deal of affection, and which as a consequence has a particularly devoted fan following who both demand who both demand and deserve a fuller response than that.

And there are other points to be made, about *Transit* and about the *New Adventures* in general.

First of all, *Transit.* I don't believe the book needs to be defended. Some – perhaps many – people may not like it, but I, and some other people who don't review books for *Doctor Who* fanzines, think it's terrific. Because Ben Aaronovitch was heart-stoppingly late delivering his manuscript, I didn't read the whole book in the right order until it was printed and bound. Once I'd started it, I couldn't put it down. A publisher is rarely in a position to become excited about one of his own books, but *Transit* had me enthralled. I just wish I had half of Ben's imagination and story-telling power.

The above, of course, can only be a personal opinion, and I can't argue with anyone not sharing it. However, at least one of the accusations levelled at *Transit* is unjustified, and should be corrected. I think the criticism stems from not knowing about the long lead times that book publishing entails. For most of the time that Ben was writing *Transit,* Paul Cornell was still writing *Love and War.* I insisted that Bernice Summerfield appear in *Transit,* but Ben didn't really have enough information about the new character. The device that he hit upon, of having her 'possessed' throughout most of the story, seemed to me a very clever solution to the problem.

The final point to make about *Transit* is that however much some people may like it and others loathe it, it is no more typical of the *New Adventures* than *Time's Crucible* or *Nightshade* or *Love and War* or *Exodus* – each of which is the favourite of one group or another. And I'm very glad that there is no such thing as a typical *New Adventure.*

As for the *New Adventures* in general: the main theme of many critical comments is that the stories aren't *Who*-ish; some reviews are particularly harsh on *New Adventures* that don't have storylines similar to those used in *Doctor Who* TV stories. The whole point was, and is, to do something new.

Allied to this strand of criticism are the complaints about the swearing and the violence. They were never needed on television, the critics say, and *Doctor Who* is for children. To which I say respectively: *The New Adventures* aren't on television, and not any longer.

Television is a medium that's restricted in all sorts of ways: its stories are ephemeral, created by committee and governed by watchdogs. It's a miracle that so much of it is even watchable. Books are in another league, and allow for a wider range of expression. What's the point of having a license to publish novels, if your ambition is to produce TV stories? It's like owning a house and living in the coal shed.

THE NEW
Doctor
WHO
ADVENTURES
DECEIT
PETER DARVILL-EVANS

And who are these children whose delicate sensibilities we are supposed to be offending? Children ceased to form the majority of the TV audience of *Doctor Who* in the early Seventies. Those of us who were children when the series started are now virtually middle-aged; the millions who, as children, watched Tom Baker in *Doctor Who*'s ratings heyday are all at least in their twenties; even the comparatively small number of new recruits whose first Doctor was the Seventh must now be over the age of consent. Of course, there are exceptions. But it's only logical to assume that the vast majority of fans of a thirty-year-old TV programme must be adults. Can anyone seriously believe that the *New Adventures* could succeed if we were to write and edit them to appeal to ten-year-olds? It occurs to me that the long decline in the TV programme's ratings during the Eighties might have much to do with the fact that while the audience was growing up, *Doctor Who*'s format and scheduling remained firmly in the 'family viewing' mode. I don't want to make the same mistake with *The New Adventures.*

For those who are still concerned that young minds might be contaminated by exposure to Anglo-Saxon expletives and the news that humans reproduce by sexual intercourse, I would like to point out that we have done everything a publisher could do to position a series of books for an adult market. Target is known in the book trade as a children's imprint; therefore, we set up a new imprint for *The New Adventures.* We created a cover design that is radically different from that of the TV story novelizations, and we insist on cover illustrations that are narrative rather than, as on the novelizations, collages of images from the TV programmes. Even the typeface is different. The price point of *The New Adventures* is that of an adult SF novel; the print size is relatively small and the books are of a length that must deter all but the most literate of pre-teens. We have told bookshops to rack *The New Adventures* with mainstream SF, and not among children's books. And we push the message in every interview, press release, publicity pack – and on the back of each *New Adventure* itself. Does anyone think we could reasonably do more?

I might be less confident about all of this if the *New Adventures* were showing signs of unpopularity. But the fact is that the series started well, and has improved steadily ever since. I'm talking sales of here, of course – the only objective measure I've got. Each *New Adventure* sells in quantities that other publishers would be glad to achieve with most of their mainstream, mass-market science-fiction; and each one sells a little bit better than its predecessor, as a rule. (*Transit* sold out of its initial print run particularly quickly.)

But I'm not complacent. Honestly I'm not. The cover pictures have been of variable quality, and I'm determined to maintain a higher standard in future. And it is important as ever to ensure that the stories are diverse, original, entertaining, and well written in a variety of styles.

It's still too early to decide whether *The New Adventures* are a fledgling phoenix rising from the ashes of the TV *Doctor Who*, or just the last flaring of a dying fire. I believe passionately that they can be the former. There are many things I want *The New Adventures* to be, but an imitation of a television series isn't one of them.

Peter Darvill-Evans,
Editor, Doctor Who – The New Adventures,
Virgin Publishing Ltd,
London

ATTACK ADDICTS

I am writing with reference to the letter from Ian Dudley from Bristol. In **DWM** 198, he stated that he was having trouble with *Dalek Attack*, particularly the End of Level Baddie in Paris. To kill it, all you have to do is keep firing at it (once the shields have been destroyed), and eventually it will die. This takes a long time, though.

I have discovered that if you type in (holding the shift key down, and with spaces) JAMES BOND AND OLIVER REED WERE NEVER GOOD SINGERS, then you get an everlasting life. It makes you completely immune to Dalek fire etc. Unfortunately, you can still get killed if you fall too far on the ground, go through water, or tread on the spikes or flames on Skaro. To avoid dying completely, choose *Extra Life* every time the Time Lords pop up. The cheat should be typed into the computer after you have used your Smart Bomb on entering London. If the cheat has worked, the edges of the screen will flash briefly when the last word has been typed in. If the cheat does not work, try substituting ROGER MOORE instead of JAMES BOND.

I also offer a further hint for the New York level. If you have trouble finding the last hostage, go through the first subway that you come to, out onto the next street, and to the very top of the building. Then, keep jumping left on to the tops of buildings, and the hostage is on top of the last building (be careful not to fall!)

Before lots of letters come in criticising cheats - you don't have to use them!

Ruth Page,
Alresford,
Hants

In your *Dalek Attack* hints Marcus Hearn claimed that it was positively dangerous to to try swimming in London, but if you climb up the building at the other side of the river there is a useful hint. Jump off the top of the roof and invisible platforms will appear. Keep experimenting and you'll find more steps leading to power ups and lives to help with your Dalek zapping.

Ben Talbot,
Grangetown,
Cardiff

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PERSONAL

***DOCTOR WHO* FANS SEEK NEW SEASON!** We need an answer on the series' future! Send a polite letter to the new Controller of BBC1, reminding him of the Thirtieth Anniversary! Write to: Mr Alan Yentob, Controller of BBC1, BBC TV Centre, Wood Lane, London W12. **DO IT NOW - TOMORROW IS TOO LATE!**

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WANTED: *Doctor Who Fun Book* by Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett, Marvel **Doctor Who Year Book 1993**. Contact: Philip Blears, 53 Ashwood Avenue, Denton, Manchester M34 2PA

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FRIENDS OF *DOCTOR WHO* PO Box 14111, Reading PA 19612-411 USA.

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THE *DOCTOR WHO* INFORMATION NETWORK PO Box 912, Station F, Toronto, Ontario Canada M4Y 2N9.

FREE POSTCARDS:

The first in a set of Alister Pearson artwork cards featuring his covers for Titan Books' *Doctor Who - The Scripts* books! Colin Baker discusses both *Doctor Who* and *The Stranger*, while David Maloney remembers his work directing Sixties *Who*,. *Frontier in Space* is featured in the archive section and Paddy Kingsland looks back over his years as an incidental musician.

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